

OVIDS
FESTIVALLS,
O R
Romane Calendar,

Translated into English verse equi-
numerally,

By *John Gower* Master of Arts, and
sometimes of Jesus Colledge in
Cambridge.

*Nasonem Nasus me fecit penè secundum :
De te, Lector, erit, si quoq; penna facit.*



Printed by *Roger Daniel*, Printer to
the University of *Cambridge*: And are to be
sold by *M. S. junior*, in the little Old-
Bailey in *London*. 1640.

ON THE

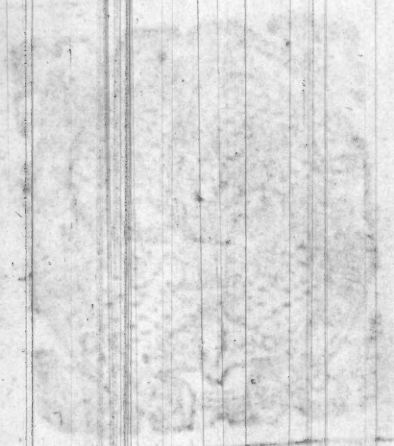
ESTABLISHMENT

OF THE

TELEGRAPH

By James G. Thompson, M. A., of America,
Author of "The Telegraph and its History,"
"The Telegraph and its Future," &c.

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the University of Cambridge, and to the
Editor, 21, Tavistock Square, London, W.C.


To his much honoured and
most Worthy friend Mr *John*
Ethredge, Bachelour of Di-
vinity, and Vicar of
Halsted in Essex.

Reverend Sir,

 Am bold to present to your
favourable acceptance and
friendly patronage this wor-
thy translation of *Ovids Fe-*
stivals. I will beg no pardon for my
presumption herein, for that were to
traduce a friendly office, and to question
the candour of your ingenuous disposi-
tion. To you I commit this orphane
Muse which cannot die with the de-
ceased Parent, but under your grave
protection will grow up and flourish
and wrestle with eternity. To my
knowledge, the Authour of this Tran-
slation in the sincerity of his best affe-
ction

The Epistle Dedicatory.

tion alwayes honoured you, and I am confident that out of the ingagements of those respects he bare you, had dedicated this his ensuing work unto you, had Fate lent him longer life, as a pledge and testimony of his undissembled love. To you therefore, most worthy Sr, I send this his learned Posthume, which humbly imploreth your smile upon it and care over it, and that you would lovingly take it into the bosome of your courtesie and there cherish it. In so doing you shall engage the devoted gratitude of those friends it hath, and satisfie the earnest request of

Your most respective friend

Edward Alliston.

On

On Ovids Festivalls *translated.*

AS the well-bred Gentleman, whom Natures hand
Hath given a tast of something more then land,
Now travelling to studie and learn France,
Becomes their habits well, their mood and dance,
And, though translated hence from native place,
Retains his vertue still with forrein grace,
And speaks the language in so quaint a phrase
That he both English doth and French amaze :
So here the Poet which is Sulmo's fame
Keeps up in a strange dialect his name;
Cloth'd in the Britain garb and modest fashion
Looseth no vertue of the Latine nation,
But Arethusa-like, his purest strein
Preserves, though passing through the English vein.
So choice had his own words been, if worle meant,
The Sirens first had suffered banishment.
Well 'mongst the memorables this shall be
Involv'd in future ages registrie,
And give a note unto this year : Who e'r
Saw such good numbers in a Calendar?
So sweetly ranne those milkie streams of old,
When first the newborn world did shine with gold.
Such was the subtile thread Minerva spun
When she the garland from Arachne won.
So in the rainbow twisted colours shine,
Whose neat transition who can define?
We then, our English Ovid; let thy fame
Engle with Naso's, and become the same.
Challenge thy due : Others do not translate,
Strip their Authours and excoriate.

C. M.

Upon the ingenious translation of Ovids *Fasti*, intituled, *The Romane Calendar.*

ON this book, Reader, lay thy hand and swear,
Ovid himself is Metamorphos'd here.
Was his old Romane gown thread-bare and old,
Whom thou hast rob'd in cloth of English gold?
'Twere infidelitie to think (I trow)
His Muse with golden feet a begging go.
Yet I admire at this unwonted store:
Poet had ne'r two suits at once before.
Who views these wel-form'd lines with judgement, shall
Think 't not translated but Originall:
'T is known what bloud by these most active strains
The Muse of Ovid carri'd in her veins.
Compare them both and you shall find it true,
The gold 's the same, but the impression 's new.
The noble heat of thy inspired brain
Tri'd, found it pure, and minted it again.
'T is so true done, it seems in every line
Thy soul was in his breast, or his in thine.
He 's metempsychos'd, and these verses fame
Speak but old Ovid in a newer name.
O had my thoughts but seen the sense, when thine
Unti'd the knots of everie golden line,
I might have learn'd to make a verse by thee,
In viewing Wit in its Anatomie.
Thy modest Muse doth not know how to rore
Like a Xantippe or an Oyster whore.

Thy breath is short but sweet : It shews thy style
Runnes like smooth Helicon, not troubled Nile :
Not like bold ignorance whose thundring words,
Strike the sense dead, whose sawcie vein affords
Nothing but wind and storm, at length to have
Their wit o'rwhelmed in the troubled wave.
Now Ovid hath his wish, that he may be
In English read upon a Ladies knee.

The Romane Cæsars plac'd their names upon
The gladded brow of everie crowned moon;
And to preserve their Saints deceased fames,
Into their Calendar enroll'd their names.
Thy name outfaceth all their glories; here
It fils a Calendar and crowns a Year.
'T is thou alone dost not subscribe to Fate:
Thy Calendar shall ne'r be out of Date.

Isaac Tinckler, Coll. G. & Cay.

On

On the translation of *Ovids* *Festivalls.*

AM I awake ! or do mine eyes put on
Some dreams phantastick apparition ?
My fansie 's much perplex'd to find whe'r this
Be *Ovid*, or his *Metamorphosis*.
Just so the learned *Romane* us'd to talk,
With the same voice, with the same steps to walk.
Just so his Muse did flow, just in such state
Did sing, when he *Romes Feasts* did celebrate.
There 's not an accent from the Latine fell,
But here in English 't is expres'd as well,
And I dare hardly call this a translation,
But the same Latine in the English fashion ;
Deck'd in such neat attire, so rich, and dear
That *Julia* could not choose but love him here :
And angry *Cesar* needs must be content
His exil'd Muse to call from banishment.
Divine Translatour ! tell me; Didst thou call
For *Ovids* ghost, that he might tell thee all
His well-spun lines could mean ? or hast thou got
His very soul into thy brest ? why not ?
The wise *Pythagoras* held it might be ;
And it is manifest in *Sands* and thee :
Whose quickning Muse and most miraculous pen
Have made deceased *Ovid* live agen.

Shine then three glorious starres with equall rayes :
And who have the same soul, wear the same bayes.

V. H.

Upon

Upon Mr Gower's smooth interpretation of the six books of Ovid's Fastorum.

Clear was the shadow of the circling yeare
In th' enbleme of an hooped snake: As clear
Was th' ancient Mystick's ring to represent
Heav'ns endlesse motion and time's sweet consent:
This was that reverend ring did conjugate
Dame *Vesta* to her starre-enamell'd mate.
For fear time's harmony through pause should fail,
The yearly snake in 's teeth doth bite his tail.
This was that snake which *Naso's* Muse did strive
By her enchanting numbers to revive.

Event o'recame her wish; Her ring complete
She deck'd with native pearls of rich conceit.
Curs'd be that *Ibis*, whose devouring maw
Half of this snake ingorg'd, e're that it saw
Great *Cæsars* face: thrice cursed be that wight
That half this ring deteins in base despite.
Perhaps this choler's rash: the Glutton Time
Himself perhaps did act this cursed crime;
The cormorant forgot ('t is like) what meat
Was in his jaws, and so himself did eat.
Hows'ere it was, this losse (w' are sure) will be
Cause of great grief to all posteritie.

They say that snakes divided live: O then
'T were good if that some nectar-steeped pen
Would cherish this half-fainting Serpent; so
This living part might for the whole one go.

This *Gower* hath done: by whose most soveraign skill
This snake hath stript his Romane skin; whose quill
Hath

Hath bravely cloth'd his back with English silk,
And fill'd his stingleffe mouth with Muses milk.
Each Ladie now will Cleopatra prove
And yet ne'r hurt her self; each Queen will love
To feel this serpent in her bo some, yet
Ne'r shrike, but wear 't as some rare amulet.
Give me a second *Gomer*, who thus can frame
Th' Years perfect ring; to him the coyest Dame
Would yield, to such a mate the chastest Muse
For such a ring to wed would not refuse.

Cease tedious Allegorie, cease, be plain
In brief declare what we by *Gomer* do gain.
Good 's better'd by diffus'd communitie,
Now Cæsar's Calendar may th' shepherds be.

Gm. Birstall, Coll. Regal. Ser.

The

The Life, Works, and Ap- proof of OVID,

*Gathered out of his own works and the re-
lations of divers faithfull Authours.*

OVID. Ovid, surnamed *Naso* (as is common-
ly supposed, from *Nasus* a Nose; because
his nose did somewhat exceed the ordina-
ry *Romane* dimensions. Others say that
his family were called *Nasones*, from
whom he took that surname: Which may very well be
true, and yet no great contradiction; for doubtlesse *Nas-*
us is the Etymologie of *Nasones*: so that some of his
predecessours, or himself, or peradventure both his pro-
genitours and himself, had that extraordinary gift of a
prodigall Nose. He) was born in *Sulmo* a town in *Pe-*
lagia the fourteenth of the Cal. of April, the second day
of the great *Quinquatrian* feasts; that yeare wherein
the Consuls *Hircius* and *Pansa* perished in the *Mutinen-*
sium warre. His birth was gentile, his father being in
the order of Knighthood; and so afterwards was him-
self. Come to years of discretion, he with his elder bro-
ther employed his studies under the most famous
Grammarians and Rhetoricians in *Rome*: but specially
himself was instructed by *Plotius Grippus*; and after-
wards became in favour with *M. Varro* and *Corn. Gal-*
lus. He bent his studies to the Law; yet more to please
his father then his own fantasie: where he defended cri-
minall causes; and gave sentence among the *Centum-*
viri.

March
19.

Ovids life.

viri. His oratory was exquisite and excellent; and therefore not without good cause *Seneca* ranketh him among the best Oratours. At length, his father dying, he returned to his affected Muses, and became entirely acquainted with the Poets of those times, *Macer Veronensis*, who writ of Herbs, Birds, and Serpents; *Ponticus*, who penned *Thebais*; *Propertius* the Elegiack, *Battus* the Iambick, and *Horace* the Lyrick Poet. At last he followed the warres under *M. Varro*, and with him travelled into *Asia*; and before his return to *Rome* he had got no small acquaintance with the *Greek* tongue. He married three wives; but enjoyed not the two first very long: The last lived with him lovingly and constantly to whom he expresth much true affection in his *Tristium* and *De Ponto*, with many praises of her for her love, constancie, &c. By her he had one daughter named *Perilla*.

At length, in the fiftieth yeare of his age, he was banished by *Augustus* into *Tomos* among the barbarous nations of *Scythia*: Where, as some affirm, he continued till the ninth yeare, and then died: But his own writings make mention but of the seventh yeare: of which, within the first three years he wrote his *Tristium*, in the next his *De Ponto*. For *Trist. lib. 3. Eleg. 12.* thus he sayeth

*Frigora jam Zephyri minuunt, annosq; peracto
Tardior antiquis visa recedit hyems.*

Mild Zephyr breaks the cold, a yeare is run,
And winter flowlier then it wont is gone.

By which words he sheweth that he had now lived seven yeare in *Pontus*, and that that winter was much longer then the former which he spent in *Rome*. Afterward, 4. *Eleg. 6.* See also *Eleg. 7.*

*Ut patriâ careo, bis frugibus area trita est,
Dissiluit nudo pressa bis uva pede.*

Since I my Countrey lost the floor hath gain'd
Two crops, & twice have grapes the winepresse stain'd

He

Ovids life.

Hence, lib. 5. Eleg. 11.

*Ut sumus in Ponto, ter frigore constitit Ister,
Facta est Euxini dura ter unda maris.*

Thrice hath the *Euxine* Sea and *Ister* been
Congeal'd to ice since *Pontus* first was seen.

By these may we collect that three years passed e're he
ended his *Tristium*. In his books intituled *De Ponto*
these following are to be read: lib. 1. Eleg. 1.

*Hic me pugnans cum frigore cumq; sagittis
Cumq; meo falo quarta fatigat hyems.*

Here this fourth winter me doth struggling hold
With my curst fate, with rattling arms, and cold.

And in this yeare was the triumph of *Tiberius* upon the
Dalmatians and *Illyrians*, which he mentioneth in the
first and second Elegies of the second Book. After this,
Book 4. Eleg. 6. he goeth on,

*In Scythia nobis quinquennis Olympias acta :
Jam tempus lustrum transit in alterius.*

Now have I pass'd in *Scythia* this fifth yeare ;
And time begins another lustre here.

This yeare *Augustus* died, and *Fabius Maximus* also ;
Whom he celebrateth among his speciall friends, which
he mentioneth in the same Elegie. After this, Eleg. 10.

*Hæc mihi in Euxino bis tertia ducitur ætas
Littore, pellitos inter agenda Getas.*

Among the skin-clad *Gets* in *Euxine* bay

At length the sixth yeare I have worn away.

The like Eleg. 13. of the same book. Nor doth he men-
tion any longer time, except it be thus : In the begin-
ning of the seventh yeare of his exile, in a congratulati-
on of * *Græcinus* his Consulship, he mentioneth also the
Consulship of *Pompeius Flaccus* brother to *Græcinus*,
which was to ensue the next yeare after ; to which time
seemeth to prophesie that he should not live. Where-
fore this being the last yeare which he counteth and
maketh of, it is clear that he lived in *Pontus* but six

Lib. 4.
Eleg. 9.

Ovids life.

Lib. 2.
Eleg. 1.

yeare, though seven in relegation : For the first yeare he spent in his voyage. Beside, seeing that there is no mention made by him of the acts of *Germanicus* performed in these his last years against the *Catti* and *Cherusci*, (which he would never have omitted had life allowed him the fame of them, especially because he had prophetically forementioned his Triumph yet future, and promised the celebration of it in a poeme if life gave leave, and moreover had dedicated to him his books intituled *Fastorum* in his exile) we may conclude he departed life within the seventh yeare, or at most in the beginning of his eighth, which the testimony of *Eusebius* further confirmeth.

The
cause of
his ban-
ishment

For the cause of his banishment there may be many opinions. Some from the authority of *Sidonius* affirm that he had amorous dealings with *Livia* or *Julia*, daughter to *Augustus*, whom he masketh under the name of *Corinna*; and for this cause was punished. But if we well ponder the words of *Sidonius* concerning *Ovid*, we shall find it otherwise;

*Et te carmina per libidinosa
Notum, Naso, Tomosq; missum,
Quondam Cæsareæ nimis puellæ
Falso nomine subditum Corinnæ.*

And thee too, wanton *Naso*, so renown'd
For amorous verses, and to *Tomos* bound,
Too much in love with that *Cæsarean* Maid

With whom in false *Corinna's* name thou plaid.

Upon these last words, *Cæsareæ puellæ*, they build the argument, opinionating that it was *Cæsars* daughter. But it is well known that *Puella* doth not so well signify *Filia*, a Daughter, or *Neptis* a Niece, as *Ancilla* a Maid: as *Puer* is used both by Poets and Oratours well for a Servant as for a Sonne, or Young man; yet rather more frequently: Which also *Paulus Juriscultus* sheweth in his *De Verborum significatione*. And

Ovids life.

therefore I rather conclude that he loved some (as I may so give the term) *Lady of Honour* in *Cæsars* Court; and her he calleth *Corinna*. Besides, in his books *Amorum*, of which *Corinna* is the chief subject, there is no passage mentioned suitable to a Princeesse. They go to the same supper: It is not likely that he should go with the Princeesse. He wisheth many imprecations upon her husband: How should he dare to do it to *Cæsar*! She cometh to him: This a Princeesse would have been ashamed to have done; and many more of the like nature, which plainly prove it could not be the Princeesse. Moreover, in all his writings, either in his *Tristium* or *De Ponto*, he maketh no complaint of *Love*, but of his *Ars Amandi*, nor uttereth any thing against his *Love*: and that which was the cause of his punishment he calleth an *error* onely; no *crime* or *dishonesty*: as if he would have said, that by an error he happened to discover anothers crime: Which, as some say, was his seeing *Julia* in her nakednesse; or rather he took *Augustus* in the very act of some ignoble crime: And this we collect from that place, *Trist. lib. 2.*

Cur aliquid vidi? cur noxia lumina feci?

Cur imprudenti cognita culpa mihi?

Inscius Actæon vidit sine veste Dianam;

Præda suis canibus non minus ille fuit.

Why did I stain mine eyes? why did I see?

Alas, that e'r the crime was known to me!

Thus poore *Actæon* unawares once spy'd

Diana naked; yet a prey he dy'd.

Here he sheweth that his error was the spying of some secret crime committed by another: and thereupon he joyneth the example of *Actæon* and *Diana*; That as *Actæon* unawares spy'd that which was not fit for him to see, and so incurred *Diana's* displeasure and his own destruction; so he happened upon some disastrous sight, whereby incurring his Princes anger and his own ruine.

Ovids life.

And this is confirmed by that verse, *Trist. lib. 3. Eleg. 5.*

Inscia quòd crimen viderunt lumina, plector :

Peccatumq; oculos est habuisse meos.

I am condemn'd, because I chanc'd to spy

A secret act : my crime was but my eye.

Nor was this discovery of any meaner person then either of *Augustus* himself or some one nearly allied to him : At which the Emperour incensed, banished him, and, to cloke his own shame, for the pretended crime of his wanton verses *De Arte Amandi*. And this was the reason that *Ovid* never dar'd to reveal the other true cause of his banishment, being (very likely) adjur'd to secrecy by the Emperour : *Lib. 2.*

Perdiderint cum me duo crimina, Carmen, & Error ;

Alterius facti culpa silenda mihi.

Nam tanti non sum, renovem ut tua vulnera, Cæsar,

Quem nimio plus est indoluisse semel.

Two crimes, my Errour, and my Muse, did stroy me

But one must never be revealed by me :

For who am I to dare renew thy wound,

Whose grieving once I too too grievous found.

And *lib. 4. Eleg. 10.* in his description of his own life hereafter subjoyned, we may reade the like.

His losse was much lamented, not onely by his kindred and allies, but by many others, who highly esteemed him for his excellent parts, and in whose hearts his sweet ingenuity ingrafted a true and sincere love towards him. Yea, he was generally deplored, out of that generall love and respect he held with all.

The manner of his departure himself setteth forth in most patheticall expressions : Which, for the elegance in the lively pourtraiture of the severall parts of sorrow and passion in himself and his friends, I have devoured to present it in the truest *English* colours could to the readers view, whose palate may witness mine tast some sweetnesse in the midst of the bitterness of sorrowfull expressions :

Ovids life.

Eleg. 3.
lib. I.

Cum subit illius tristissima noctis imago,
Quæ mihi supremum tempus in urbe fuit,
Cum repeto noctem quâ tot mihi chara reliqui,
Labitur ex oculis tunc quoq; gutta meis. &c.

1.

Vhenas the picture of that dolefull night,
In which my utmost limits were,
My mind beholds, when that time comes to sight
Wherein I left so many dear,
Even then mine eyes let fall a tear.

2.

Now was the morn at hand wherein my Prince
Injoyn'd me to depart away
From *Italy*: Nor space, nor mind, nor sense
Had I to furnish for the day:
My soul affected dull delay.

3.

I ne'r regarded choice of man or mate:
My clothes for journeying were not fit,
Nor ought beside: Such was my soul's estate,
As he that with *Joves* thunder smit
Hath life but doth not know of it.

4.

But when at length this agony was past,
And I my spirits did regain,
With last *Farewell* I mournfully embrac'd
My weeping friends, whose ample train
Was now shrunk into one or twain.

5.

My loving Wife (in *Libya* farre was she
* Bred up, yet ne'r the more foreskill'd
Of my sad fate) me weeping bitterly
In her embrace she weeping held,
With show'rs of tears from eyes distill'd.

Here is a mistake, where that which belongeth to the
daughter is applyed to the mother.

Ovids life.

6.

Loud grones, deep sighs on every side were vented :
No silent funerall was there.
Men, women, little children, all lamented
My fate ; each corner had a share
Throughout the house, and shed some teare.

7.

And, may I but compare great things with small,
This was the face of *Troy*, that night
Of treachery : No noise was heard at all
Of Man or Dog ; and *Luna* bright
Did guide her steeds by glimmering light.

8.

On her I look'd up ; and beheld (as yet)
The *Capitol* (though all in vain)
Joyn'd to my house : Ye Pow'rs, said I, whose seat
Adjoyns to ours ; thou *Temple* main,
Which these eyes ne'r shall see again ;

9.

And all ye Gods that live in *Romes* great State,
Whom I must leave ; Adieu for ever.
And though a buckler I take up too late,
Yet do not ye in ire persever,
But ease my burden by your favour.

10.

Make known my error to that heavenly Man,
That he may judge my fault at least
No wickednesse ; and so the truth may scan
As ye have done. That God once pleas'd
My misery will soon be eas'd.

11.

Thus did I crave. My Wife more largely pray'd,
Each accent broke with sighs most deep :
Then falling prostrate, with her hairs displaid
Before the Household-Gods, doth creep
To kisse the hearth with quaking lip.

Ovids life

12.

There poures she forth before the sullen Powers
A many pray'rs, not prevalent
For dolefull Husband. But the hasty Howers
Deny'd delay : the night was spent,
And *Arctos* down the West was bent.

13.

What should I do? The love of Countrey ty'd me :
But ah ! that night was set to be
My utmost bound ! How oft, when any ply'd me,
Cry'd I, *Alas ! why hast you ? see*
But whence or whither post you me !

14.

How oft did I a certain hower feigne
Convenient for my way assign'd !
Thrice stept I o're the threshold ; thrice again
Went back : my very foot inclin'd
To sloth, in flattery of my mind.

15.

Oft *Farewell* given, I fell to talk agen :
And oft I kiss'd, as if just there
I would depart : my will repeat I then
In self-mistakes ; my eyes each-where
Fix'd on my souls engagements dear.

16.

Why should I hasten ? Scythia is, said I,
The Countrey whither I am sent :
Rome *must* I leave, and leave perpetually :
In both respects just argument
Of our delays, though time be spent.

17.

My wife and I are both for ever parted,
Yet both alive ; my familie
With each sweet part, and all my friends true-bearted :
O dear-beloved Souls, to me
Knit in Thesean amitie !

Let's

Ovids life.

18.

Let's change embraces while we may, and make
The best advantage of the bower :
Perhaps it is for ever. Thus I spake
In halved words, and, in the power
Of soul, we clasp'd each friend of our.

19.

Thus while I talk and we lament, lo now
Bright *Lucifer* in th' East appear ;
Sad starre to us ! Oh ! I am rent, as though
My joynts all wrung in sunder were,
Torn part from part by rack severe !

20.

Such wo was *Priam's*, when that treachery
That fatall Horse did now confesse.
But then arose a lamentable cry,
And sobbing grones did souls oppresse ;
And heavy hands smote heavier breasts.

21.

Then my poore wife, embracing me close to,
Pour'd forth these tear-mix'd words to me,
Oh ! I cannot part from thee ! I will go
I'll go, I say, I'll go with thee :
An exuls exil'd wife I'll be.

22.

The way's as free for me ; so is the land :
Small burden to the ship are we.
Thee *Cæsar* anger doth (O grief !) command
To banishment ; affection, me :
Affection shall my *Cæsar* be.

23.

Thus did she strive, as she had done before,
And scarce her hold of me forbears
By best perswasions. Forth I go adooore
A walking herse, with my soil'd hairs
Confus'd and torn about my ears.

Ovids life.

24.

O'rewhelm'd in grief she fell into a swoond,
And head against the hard floore knocks:
Come to her self at length, and from the ground
Rais'd up, with much ado her locks
With dust bemoiled off she plucks:

25.

Now wails her case, then blames with many mones
The vexing Gods, and oft doth cry,
My Husband! Oh my Husband! with such grones
And sobs as if her child or I
Had been just now in pile to frie.

26.

Death she desir'd, by death her soul to ease:
Yet for my sake she life did will.
O mayst thou live! and, since the Fates so please,
Still live, sweet wife, my ease, and still
My absent soul with comfort fill!

27.

The *Boreal Bear-man* into sea doth steep
His soul, and moils the waters there:
Yet doth our keel plow up th' *Ionian* Deep,
Not of our own minds, but we are
Compell'd to boldnesse out of fear.

28.

Oh me! what winds arise! how Sea and Heaven
Both scoul! the bottom-sands do boil
Upon the top! huge mountain-billows, driven
Against both sides, our vessel roil:
Our Gods continuall dashes soil.

29.

The hatches moil: the beaten sail-ropes rore:
The very ship doth seem to grone
At our harsh fate: The doubtfull Mariner,
With terrour in his visage shown,
Gives up and lets his art alone.

And

Ovids life.

30.

And as some weak-arm'd groom the conquer'd rain
Resignes unto his stiff-neck'd horse ;
Even so the Pilote through the toilsome main
Works on his ship, not his own course,
But every way the surges force.

31.

And had not *Æolus* chang'd his blustering wind,
Upon the interdicted Land
I had been forc'd : for, leaving farre behind
Th' *Illyrian* coast on our left hand,
We saw close by th' *Italian* strand.

32.

O do not strive to pitch our vessel there !
Do ye obey that God with me !
While thus I cry'd betwixt desire and fear
Of being driv'n back, O what a Sea
Doth smite the sides most furiously !

33.

Gods of the Sea, spare ye this life of ours.
O do not ye him further grieve
whom Jove doth scourge ; nor to the Stygian Powers
This weary soul of mine yet give :
If one already dead may live.

For his respect and honour he held all his life-time
with those that were his coetaneans, his own works well
shew : And for the fame and estimation he hath main-
teined by his Poemes through all ages in many parts of
the world, let the reader but turn to Mr *Sandys* his Col-
lection of the Testimonies of divers learned and judi-
cious Authours in the frontispice of his exquisite
Translation of our Poets *Metamorph*. I will content
my self with one onely added to his, which is *Angelus*
Politianus his Elegie upon his death, wherein he mani-
festeth not onely his own honour and estimation of
him

Ovids life.

him, but also the love, respect and favour he wonne among the Barbarians with whom he lived, as you may read;

A H weladay!
Dost Nalso lye in Getick ground?
Our Romane Muses Joy
Entomb'd in barbarous bound!

That barbarous land
That lyes by Istern frozen spring,
Presse that sweet Poets hand
whose pen soft Love did sing!

Art not asham'd,
O Rome, to be farre more severe
Then Barbarisme untam'd
To thy own Sonne so dear?

Ho, Muses, say;
Was any friend in Scythian shore
His sorrows to allay,
Or ease his pains so sore?

Was any nigh
His languish'd joynts on bed to lay,
Or with some melody
To passe the painfull day?

Was any there
To feel his fainting pulses beat,
Or to administer
Some wholesome drams or meat?

Was any at his death
What friend did close his dying eye,
Or suck up his last breath?
A work of piety!

None, none there was!
Thou, thou remorselesse cruel Rome,

Kept'st

Ovid's life.

Kept' it all his friends (alas !)
That none at him could come.

None, none, I say!

His
grand-
children,
for he
had no
sonne.

His wife, his little * Sonnes, and Daughter
were parted farre away,
And could not followe after.

No friends he had,
But Bessi and Coralli tawny,
And Gets in wild-skins clad,
With arms and shoulders branny.

The Sarmats, brow'd
with horroure and with looks austere,
That drink their horses bloud,
His onely comfort were :

The Sarmats grim,
whose wiry-harsh and dangling hairs
Congeal'd with cold extreme
Do crash about their ears.

And yet his fate
The stern Coralli did deplore :
The Gets and Sarmats sale
And beat their bosomes sore.

Wood-Nymphs and woods
And mountains did bewail his fall :
And Isters swelling floods
Did bear a part withall.

Fame doth reberse,
That Pontus seal'd up with thick ice,
Dissolv'd with lukewarm tears
Of Sea-Nymphs Elegies.

The gentle Dove
with mother Venus flying came,

Ovids life.

And into pile did shove
Their brands to raise a flame.

* * * *

And on the stone
Laid o're his corps this verse they seal'd,
Within this tomb lies one
That was Loves Doctour skill'd.

Even Venus bright
On him did holy waters poure,
And wash'd with hand milk-white
His body o're and o're.

And, *Muses*, ye
On Naso's herse fixt each a song;
But such as cannot be
Express'd by mortall tongue.

Thus farre *Politianns*. But one thing is remarkable;
In which we may say either his desert or his good hap
advanced him beyond the fortune of *Homer* or *Maro*:
Who both, though the very excellence of Poetrie, had
their detractours; *Homer* his *Zoilus*, and *Virgil* his
Varinus: but *Ovid* (as himself seemeth to vaunt in his
own lives description) was never touched with the
least detraction, neither in his own time nor in any
age since;

*Nec, qui detrectat presentia, livor iniquus
Ullum de nostris depte momordit opus.*

No black detraction to this day hath bit
With fangs of envy any work I writ.

Such indeed was his estimation and honour among the
noblest Citizens of Rome, that, even while he was li-
ving, they wore his Picture in rings of gold; as *Eleg. 6.*
Trist. lib. 1. witnesseth: Which being but brief, and
tending all to our present purpose of declaring his
worth and exquisite parts, I have made bold to trouble
you with the Translation;

Ovids life.

S*I quis habes nostris similes in imagine vultus,
Deme meis bederas Bacchica ferta comis.&c.*

Dear friend of mine that dost my picture wear,
Pull off the Ivy-crown from my sad hair.
For happy brows those happy badges be:
My fortune with a crown doth not agree.
Though I conceal thee, yet my meaning's known
To thee whose finger wears me up and down:
Who at the second hand dost me behold
Thy banish'd friend engraven in burnish'd gold.
Which when thou view'st, perhaps thou oft maist say so,
Ah! where is now our old companion Naso?
Sweet is thy love. But I (such as they be)
My Rhythmes, my nobler picture, give to thee.
My Poeme that of *bodies chang'd* doth sing;
Made by my exile an unperfect thing:
This, with the rest, I in my grief and wo
At my departure into fire did throw.
So I my books, my bowels, which to dye
Deserved not, did force in flames to fry:
Because my Muse I hated, as my crimes;
Or 'cause they were rude and unpolish'd rhythmes.
But seeing that they are not quite extinct;
(Sure they in copies were transcrib'd, I think)
Now may they live, and pleasing pastimes be,
And put the Reader oft in mind of me.
And yet no man with patience them can read
If he perceivè they are unfinished.
The work was from the anvil snatch'd yewhile,
And left unpolish'd by the finer file.
Therefore for praise I pardon crave: I've got
Great praise, if, Reader, thou disdain me not.
And this Hexastich (if you shall think fit)
Into the Front'spice of our book admit.

Whatever hand these orphane Rhythmes doth touch
Give them some welcome: and the more to crave

Ovids life.

Thy favour, know, they were not publish'd such;
But even reprieved from their Fathers grave.

Whatever crime therefore you shall perceive,

Know, he had mended, had the Fates giv'n leave.

But above all, his own works testifie of him to this day,
and clearly demonstrate, that what respect the world,
and what approof and commendations Authours have
given him, was not affected but well deserved : For he
hath left many fair monuments of his wit, both in He-
roick and Elegiack verse, which are no mean ornaments
of the *Latine* tongue. He penned divers Heroicall E-
pistles ; III. Books *De Arte Amandi* ; II. Books *De*
Remedio Amoris ; II. Books *De Amore* ; Of *Metamor-*
phosis XV. Books. He penned also some Tragedies: Of
which *Medea* is highly approved by * *Quintilianus* and
Corn. Tacitus, and not without desert ; for in it he hath
shewn the very vigour and quintessence of wit. He com-
posed a book against common Rhythmers, as *Fabius*
Quintilianus witnesseth. He penned an Epistle to *Livia*
in consolation for the death of *Drusus*. He began a book
of the *Actian* warre. He wrote II. Books to *Tiberius*. In
his banishment he wrote V. Books intituled *Tristium* ;
III. Books *De Ponto* ; XII. Books intituled *Fasti*. He
wrote an imprecation against *Ibis* ; one Book *De Vatic-*
iniis ; The Triumph of *Germanicus Caesar*. He began a
book *De Piscibus* ; which after *Oppianus* imitated. He
wrote also some works in the *Getick* tongue, the first
about *Augustus* and his family, as he affirmeth lib. 4.
Ponto, Eleg. 13.

*Quia ostentare videtur quantum vir ille prestare potuerit, si
senio suo temperare quam indulgere maluisset, Quint.*

To his friend *Carus*.

*Ec te mirari, si sunt viliosa, decebit
Carmina, quae faciam penè Poeta Getes. &c.*

Ovids life.

NOr wonder at my verses slips : for know it,
 I am become almost a *Getick* Poet.
 It shames me much ; though in the *Getick* tongue
 I am so skill'd that I have Poemes sung,
 And pleas'd them well : Congratulate my fame ;
 Among the *Gets* I've won a Poets name.
 You ask the subject. *Cæsars* praise I chaunted,
 And in a Deity's name my new rhythmes vaunted.
 Therein I prove, though *Cæsars* body be
 But mortall, yet his soul's a Deitie :
 That he who did the Sceptre long refuse,
 His Fathers virtues in his heart renews :
 That *Livia Vesta* is of Chastity,
 Her Lord and Sonne becoming equally :
 That those two Sonnes their Parent did maintein,
 Who gave true symptomes of their noble vein.
 When I this Poeme in a forrein tongue
 Had perfected, and it rehears'd among
 The *Getick* croud, their curled locks they shake,
 With armed quivers, and a murmuring make.
 Cries one, *If Cæsar thus imployes your pen,*
To Cæsar you should be restor'd agen.
 Thus said the *Get* : yet, *Carus*, this sixth yeare
 Deteins me still beneath the frozen *Bear*.

At which (as he saith) the *Gets* murmuring in
 manner, to purchase their favour, he wrote another
 book in the *Getick* tongue, Of the acts of their king
 which pleased them wondrous well. And divers other
 works he composed ; most of which, either by the
 negligence of some age, or by the negligence of Library-keepers,
 are become imperfect, or totally perished. His
Amorphoseon he finished before his banishment, but
 it uncorrected, as is forementioned. He had written
 Books intituled *Fasti*, as himself evidenceth. *Trist*

Sex ego Fastorum scripsi, totidemq; libellos :
Cumq; suo finem mense libellus habet.

Ovids life.

Twelve books of *Fasti* I in verse have penn'd:

And every Volume with his Month doth end.

Divers suppose he began this work at *Rome*, and not unlikely: but he ended it in *Pontus*, as may be collected from his Preface, and many other places of his book, but specially from a Distich in the fourth Book;

Sulmonis gelidi patriæ, Germanice, nostræ!

Me miserum! Scythico quàm præcul ille solo est!

Sweet *Sulmo's* wall, great Prince, my native land!

Ah me! how distant from the *Scythian* land!

There having corrected the first six books, he dedicated them to *Germanicus*, purposing to proceed with the rest: but death cutting off his dayes, he left them neither corrected nor published: and so through the carelesnesse of the times, or ignorance of the *Scythians*, among whom they were left, they are perished: Yet it was once reported they were all found: which I would I could find not a report but a truth.

Some deny that this work was dedicated to young *Germanicus*, but would have it to *Tiberius Cæsar*: which they prove chiefly from that verse in the Preface,

Tu quoq; cum Druso præmia fratreferes.

This *Drusus* (say they) was brother to *Tiberius*, and was that dyed in his *Germane* warres: But this title *Germanicus* was never known to be given to *Tiberius*: neither doth *Tranquillus* mention it in the rehearfall of all titles. If any say that it hath been read in old monuments and monuments, I answer, that those inscriptions belonged not to *Tiberius Cæsar*, but to this *Tiberius Germanicus* our Poets patrone, the sonne of *Drusus*, who inherited his fathers title which he had gained in his *Germane* designes. Beside, it is plain that this *Germanicus* from our Poet meaneth was grandchild to *Augustus* by adoption, and not his sonne: as *lib. i.*

Et tuus Augusto nomine dictus avus.

Then first *Augustus* was thy Grandfire's name.

Ovids life.

So that this *Germanicus* was the sonne of *Drusus Tiberius* his brother, and that *Drusus* whom he calleth *Frater Germanici* was *Tiberius* his sonne and *Germanicus* his first cousin; our Poet taking liberty (which is very frequent with Authours both prophane and divine) to use one title of consanguinity for another. To *Augustus* Grandchild therefore not to his Sonne was this Poem dedicated. Which *Ovid* might very well do, because the *Germanicus* was exceedingly well beloved of all souldiers and all the citizens of *Rome* for his many rare performances in the warres, and beside was a man of singular learning and an excellent Poet. From this favour that this Prince maintained among all men our Poet had hopes that he might one day come to the crown, and then might favour him so far as to call him home; or at least in the mean time might purchase his release.

Divers Poets before *Ovid* assayed this work *Fasti*, *Ennius*, *Livius*, *Andronicus*, and others. But *Ovid* a long time after diligently turning over all the ancient Calendars and Monuments of the Pontifies, and other old Annals which pertained to religious rites and ceremonies, and reducing the *Romane* yeare into a more exact order with an exquisite observation of the Cosmical, Heliacal and Acronicall rising & setting of all the fixed Constellations, composed this memorable Poeme with much labour and study.

Thus have I from the testimony of surest Authours related the principall parts and passages of this worlde Poets life, as also partly from his own hand-writing. If any desireth to be further informed of him, let him read this following relation of his life, penned by no other hand then his own: which, as perfectly as my faculties permitted, I have presented in our native tongue.

Ovid to Posteritie.

Trist. IV. Eleg. X.

That after-times may know of me each thing ;
I was the man who tender *Love* did sing.
My countrey, *Sulmo*, fed with fresh springs all ;
Miles ninety distant from the *Romane* wall.
Here was I born: The very yeare to tell ;
It was when by one sad fate two *Consuls* fell.
May that avail, I was a Knight by blood,
Not onely raised by my Fortunes good.
I was no first-born child : for one sonne more
My father had, born just a yeare before.
Both he and I were born upon one day,
And at one time our natall gifts did pay.
It was the first day of the bloody lists
Presented at the great *Quinquatrian* feasts.
Our Parents then, to have us train'd up well,
Set us to such as did in Arts excell.
My brother from his youth did bend his mind
To Rhetorick, and to the Law inclin'd.
But I a child the *Thespian* sweets did savour,
And more and more did winne the Muses favour.
I have, leave these fruitlesse Studies, Sonne, oft cry'd
My father : Homer but a poore man dy'd.
Mov'd at his words I left the dear delight
Of *Helicon*, and 'gan in prose to write.
My verses of their own accord came fit :
It was a verse whate'r I spake or writ.
Years growing on, my brother dear and I
Together took a Gown of *Liberty*.
Each purple Robes with badges broad we wore,
Whose studies follow'd which we us'd before.

Ovid to Posteritie.

My Brother now had pass'd his twentieth yeare :
He dies in whom I lost my soules best share.
In youth to some preferment rais'd was I,
And took the office of *Triumviri*.

* * * *

Both mind and bodie were unapt for labour,
And vex'd ambition I could never savour.
And still the Muses did intice me still
To their calm sweets, which e'r had my good will.
I dearly lov'd the Poets of the time:
Each Poet was a God in my esteem.
Oft did I heare sage *Macer* reade his Birds,
And Serpents, and the help each Herb affords.
And oft *Propertius* my companion dear
With amorous raptures did present my ear.
Heroick *Ponticus*, Iambick *Battus*
With pleasing strains did often recreate us.
And tunefull *Horace* oft my ear delighted
With curious ditties on his harp recited.
Virgil I onely saw : and hastie Fate
Tibullus friendship did anticipate.
He followed *Gallus*; and *Propertius*, him:
I was the third man in the rank of time.
As I my Elders, so my Juniors me
Ador'd : my Muse grew famous suddenly.
Thrice and no more had I shav'n off my beard
When first my youthfull strains the people heard.
My Mistresse, in *Corinna* mask'd, did move
My wits : each village now could chaunt our love.
Much did I write : but what I faulty knew
Into the fault-correcting fires I threw.
And at my exile cast I into flame,
Vex'd with my Muses, many a work of fame.
My tender heart oft pierced through with Love
Each light occasion instantly did move.

Ovid to Posteritie.

But when I was from *Cupids* passions free,
My Muse was mute and wrote no Elegie.
A worthlesse, lovelesse Wife to me but young
Was match'd : with whom I led my life not long.
My second wife, though free from any crime,
Yet she continued but a little time.
My last, with whom most of my dayes I spent,
Endur'd the blemish of my banishment.
One Daughter have I, which once and again
Made me a Grandfire, but by husbands twain.
And now my Father full of silver-hairs
His dayes concluded just at ninetie years.
As he 'd have mourn'd for me, so did I mourn
For him. Next Sorrow was my Mothers urn.
Both happie sure and in good houres did die,
Whose death did come before my miserie.
And happie I, in that they both being dead
No tears at all for my affliction shed.
Yet if, ye Dead, have ought beside a name;
If your light Ghosts escape the fatall flame :
Parentall Souls, if you have heard of me
In *Styx*; if there my crimes related be :
Be you assur'd, with whom I cannot lie,
My crime was Errour not Dishonestie.
Enough for them. To you now I retire,
My friends, who th' actions of my life enquire.
The Summer-tropick of my years now gone,
Declining Age with hoarie hairs came on.
Now since my birth ten times the Horse-courser
That won the race *Pisean* wreaths did wear:
When ah, offended *Cæsar* doth command
My dolefull exile to the *Tomites* land!
The cause of this, too much to most reveal'd,
Must be for ever by my self conceal'd.
Nor friends, nor servants wrongs will I here vent:
I've suffered crosses next to banishment.

Ovid to Posteritie.

To which my mind did scorn to yield; and still
By its own strength did stand invincible.
And sans regard of self or calm life led,
With artlesse arm the warres *I followed.
As many troubles have surcharg'd this soul
As there be starres 'twixt North and Southern Pole,
Long being toss'd about, at length I met
The surly *Sarmat* and the bow-arm'd *Get*.
Here, though I 'm startled with the noise of arms,
My Muse with her best skill my sorrows charms.
And though no eare can relish here one rhythme,
Yet so I passe and so delude the time.
For life therefore, and power against my toils,
For passing of the tedious houres somewhiles,
Thanks, Muse, to thee: Thou art my sole relief,
My ease, my physick in my wasting grief.
Thou me, my Guide and dear Companion,
Dost raise from *Ister* into *Helicon*.
Thou giv'st me, while I live, a name sublime,
The rarest gift that scorns both Tombe and Time.
No black Detraction to this day hath bit
With fangs of envie any work I writ.
And though our age so many Poets high
Hath bred, my fanfic Fame did ne'r envy.
I others honour'd: others honoured
Me with the best; and through the world I'm read.
If then we Poets can the truth divine;
Come death whenever, Dust, I am not thine.
Whether by favour or desert I be
Thus fam'd; kind Reader, thanks I give to thee.

Sic cecinit Naso de se.

Clio

* Under
M. Varro
as is
fore-
mentio-
ned.

CLIO's complaint for the death of OVID.

Clio.

1.

A H ! with what tears shall I enlarge my grief ?
In what sad accents shall I sigh and grone ?
How vent my sorrows ? knowing no relief,
Nor craving ought, but onely to be known
To all : that all may share with me in mone.

2.

Let not Rome onely and the Latine train
Lament and mourn, but all the world beside,
Sweet Naso's Death, whose most ingenious brain
The world with peerlesse treasures beautifi'd ;
And more had done, had he not timelesse dy'd.

3.

Alh ! how I still remember to my wo,
In what a happy vein he walk'd along !
How readily his fanſie quick did flow
In numbers even and raptures ſound and ſtrong,
Which preſently made up ſome learned Song !

4.

ad. whose melodie would make the Hills to ring,
The Wood-Gods wonder, and the Fauns admire.
The Dryads, Naiads, them would often ſing ;
And every Nymph to heare them did deſire :
which won the favour of each beauteous Quire.

5.

His very youth was ripe in Poefie :
For all affayes he was our witty Page.
ofttimes Apollo, when he chanc'd to eye
His lines, would ſay, O thou of youthfull age !
A Boy in years, but in our gifts a Sage !

Thofc

Clio's complaint.

6.

Those amorous raptures which in sport he writ
When, Venus servant, he did march yermwhile
In Cupids files, what quintessence of wit
Do they demonstrate ! in what curious style
His verses flow, not fowl'd with vulgar soil !

7.

But now the vigour of his wit at full,
Like candid Cynthia in diameter
With her bright Brother, when our Thespian pool
He in full draughts drew in, O then how clear
His fansie stream'd ! what learning flourish'd there !

8.

That Poeme of Transformed shapes can shew ;
A piece of all applauded, and desir'd :
Which whoso reads, his pithy Muse may view
In beautifull variety attir'd.
The quaint contexture of that work's admir'd.

9.

And when his buskin'd Muse in garb most grave
And voice majestick stalk'd on crouded Scene,
No Sophoclean strains more height could have,
Nor weight support. How oft have they between
Each Act with general shouts applauded been !

10.

At length, inspired with a heat divine,
That worthy work he writ with happy pen
Of Months, with courses of each constant Signe,
And Phœbus toils : where fitly now and then
He chaunts the praises of his countrey-men :

11.

When in the middle of his fair carier
The cruel Parcæ clipt (O grief ! O gall !)
His precious twist : when he scarce half his Teare
Had finished. By which did thousands fall
Short of their praises ; of a jewel, all.

Clio's complaint.

12.

O cruel Sisters! why did you not spare,
And draw to Nestor's length his sacred twine?
Or to as large a twisted clue as were
The lasting Sibylls? 'T was as pure and fine,
And (if with you that values) as Divine.

13.

No work you wanted for your direfull knives,
Their thirst to satiate. Charon's boat doth grone
With constant crowds. Ten thousand vulgar lives
You might have shar'd off, and let his alone:
Ten thousand lives might satisfie for one.

14.

Why did not I in time sollicite Fate,
Back'd with my Sisters, and (had Pray'rs been able
Or Gifts to conquer) beg a longer date?
We would have chang'd her nature ne'r so stable,
Before w' had done, and made her exorable.

15.

But thou, dire Cæsar, most to be upbraided,
Thy tyrannie did cut him off in's prime
By unjust banishment. His spirits faded
With blasting griefs, which ware out all his time,
And chill distempers of the Getick clime.

16.

O well it hapned in the midst of ill!
Of half thy praise his death despoiled thee:
And what was giv'n thee by his faithfull quill,
The world by this thy unjust act shall see,
Was not thy merit but his loyaltie.

17.

Thy thundring blow his dazled fansie smit,
That in a trance long time she lay for slain:
At length reviv'd, (O admirable wit,
And even beyond my thought!) amid his pain
And misery his Muse did sing again.

The

Clio's complaint.

18.

The crime was thine and not his own : How then
Couldst thou exile him to the furthest end
Of all the world, 'mong monsters fierce, not men,
To wast his dayes ? and him (O horrid !) rend
From Wife, from Children, Countrey dear, and Friend ?

19.

His eyes beheld too much : Too bold was he
Into the secrets of a King to pry.
'T is true, alas ! he saw too much of thee.
Wert thou asham'd that he thy crime did spy ?
That crime then banish more deservedly.

20.

O horrid ! never call him home again ?
Never afford a milder region ?
Were those sweet expiations all in vain ?
His oratorious Muse, his pleading mone,
That mov'd not thee, would move a marble-stone.

21.

Thy heart was Scythian, barbarous thy deed,
Just like that place where he was forc'd to be.
Thy name Augustus well with thee agreed :
'T was given in flattery ; but by this all see,
Thou wert Augustus in thy cruelty,

22.

Surpassing farre the barbarisme of Gets,
Coralli, Bessi, with their snarled hairs.
For lo, his Muse their rigour mitigates :
And that which could not pierce thy rocky ears,
Did win their favour and * provoke their tears.

* Et tamen exstinctum Bessi & flevire Coralli, &c. Ang. Po.
in his Elegie.

23.

Oft didst thou vaunt thy love unto our Art
And didst reward our Priests with wealth and fame
Oft didst thou take thy pen to play thy part

Clio's complaint.

*Among our Quire ; and with our sacred flame
Inspir'd, didst triumph in a Poets name :*

24.

*How then came all that heat and love so quail'd,
O'rewhelm'd and quench'd ? by one dire blast of ire ?
Our Pow'r contemn'd ? which ever yet prevail'd
With stoutest spirits. O why did we inspire
Thee with one spark, that thus dost slight our Quire !*

25.

*Our force and virtue, that have rais'd the dead,
* Drawn down the Moon, erected brazen Towers,
Tam'd Bears and Tigers, mov'd the Rocks, and staid
The running Streams, and* charm'd the greatest Powers
In Pluto's cell, mov'd not that heart of yours.*

** Carmina de cælo possunt deducere lunam, Virg. Vid. Fast. 2.
of Arion. And the power of Orpheus his Harp is a known story.*

** This Orpheus did when he went down into the Stygian
vaults to fetch back his wife.*

26.

*Jove, Juno, Venus, Janus, Mars, and all
Ye Powers of heaven, his pen your praises spake :
Why did ye let so true a servant fall ?
Why did ye not for your own honours sake
With draughts of Nectar him immortall make ?*

27.

*And thou great Father of our sacred Quire,
Let me in Griefs prerogative be bold
To plead with thee. Thou didst at full inspire
Thy darling Naso, and hast him enroll'd
Among thy most renowned Priests of old.*

28.

*Oft hast thou crowned with immortall Bayes
His sacred brows ? he was thy favourite.
Nor that grand Chanter of Achilles praise,
Nor that high pen which sung Æneas flight,
Nor that sweet Lyrick thee did more delight.*

why

Clio's complaint.

29.

why didst not then with thine Ambrosia feed him?
(Food which thou giv'st to thine unwearied steeds)
To large eternity why didst not breed him?
Then his pure fanſie ſown with heavenly ſeeds,
Had chanted more divine and humane deeds.

30.

Thou might'st at leaſt have done the world that favour,
As to have begg'd a longer leaſe of life
From Joves own hand O thou hadſt been a ſaver
Of thine own honour, hadſt thou ſtay'd the knife
(That bloudie weapon!) of the Siſters riſe.

31.

Behold that halved orphane work; a piece
Almoſt the laſt that by his hand was penn'd:
That work alone deſerv'd a longer leaſe
Of life from thee. See how he did intend
Thy fame and honour through the year to ſend.

32.

Had he accompliſh'd that divine deſigne,
And reach'd to his Years end without that wrong
From Fate and Cæſar, that had all been thine:
Then in thy chariot thou hadſt danc'd along
Thy Years twelve labours in a conſtant ſong.

33.

Now is thy race uneven: One half the year
Thou paſſeſt blank. Methinks thy wheels are numb
Thoſe ſilenc'd Months: No ſong doth calendar
Thy Signes and dayes. One ſide of heaven is dumb.
Such wrongs to us from Fates thwart actions com

34.

Apollo duly to her plaint gave eare.
Her grief mov'd pitie, and her words mov'd grief.
Much it affects him Naſo's death to heare;
That envious Fate ſo ſhort had tropp'd his life.
He ſhakes his fire-locks, and replies, not brief;

Clio's complaint.

Apollo.

35.

Sweet Clio, Thy complaint is just and true;
And in thy sorrow I consent with thee.
The thought of Phaethon's fall doth not renew
My passion so nor more distemper me
Then Ovid's death and sad calamitie.

36.

And had I thought his fatall twist had been
So near the end, and that the Three consented
Amid his songs to cut his thread so green,
I would have tri'd my skill to have prevented
That stroke, and got a longer lease indented.

37.

But well thou know'st my mind about is hurl'd,
Each week, each day, each minute of an houre,
In generall affairs of all the world,
In meting out of Time, and keeping our
Heaven's Complices in their due course and power:

38.

That I nor space nor respit have alwayes
On each particular in this vast All
To set my thoughts; though men of worth and praise
Are cropp'd by Fates, who threads of Virtue gall;
And oft my friends besides my knowledge fall.

39.

Thus Maro, Lucane, by their spitesfull hand
At unawares were banish'd from my light,
And that arch-Poet of the Fairie lond,
With diverse more. Thus many a Favourite
Have lost their heads out of their Prince's sight.

40.

When I perchance foresee the fatall day
Of any worthie, how it me doth pain
To bring it onward! gladly would I stay.
And were it not Necessitie constrain,
I should my chariot oftentimes refrain.

BUT

Clio's complaint.

41.

But, Clio, stay thy tears. 'T is follie, never
To cease a grief for unrevers'd decrees.
'T is wisdom, when Necessitie doth sever
Her actions and our will, when what we please
We cannot do, to do what most may ease.

42.

Though Death hath silenc'd his facetious quill,
And robb'd him of his life, us of our praise;
Yet doth his fame, his nobler portion, still
Survive and flourish like our lasting Bayes:
And through the world his works his worth shall ra

43.

As for his Poeme's losse, it proves his gain.
'T is greater honour to be much desir'd
Then much enjoy'd. For that which doth remain
To be made up, some Fantasie well attir'd
Maybe e'r long for that supply inspir'd.

44.

Thus in despite of Fate will we extend
Our Servants lives, and raise their dying head.
As for Augustus who did cause his end,
The world concludes it, Ovid banished
Th' unworthi'st act that e'r Augustus did.

Sic quæsta est Clio: mœstæ gemuere Sorores,
Concussitque comam scitus Apollo Lyra.

OVI

I
OVIDS FESTIVALLS;
OR,
ROMANE CALENDAR.

The first Book;
or,
JANUARIE.

The Argument.

TH' old Romane yeare. The severall sorts of dayes.
Discourse with Janus. Th' Astrosophi's praise.
The feast Agonia. whence the Altar's fill'd
with bloud of birds and beasts. why th' Asse is kill'd
To lustfull Priap. Queen Carmentis rite
with her predictions. Great Tyrinthius fight
with fire-mouth'd Cacus. The Augustian name
Assum'd by Cesar. In Carmentis fame
More sacreds pay'd. White Concord in white fane.
Mild Peace her altar. And a pray'r for grain.

Limes with their causes to the Romane
yeare
Dispos'd of old, Star's courses sing we
here.

Germanick Cesar, O accept our charge:
With smooth aspect, and guide my feeble barge.
Patrone to this piece devote to thee;
Let not this gift, though small, rejected be.
Thy holy rites pickt out of annals old
If thou read ore: and why each day's enroll'd.
May you your domestick feasts adjoynd,
And here your father and grandfather find;

C

And

And how throughout the Calendar renown'd,
 Thy brother *Drusus* fame with thine shall sound.
 Some *Cæsars* arms, we *Cæsars* altars sing;
 What dayes were hallow'd by that sacred king.
 The whiles the glory of thy house I chaunt,
 Do thou but smile, no fear our Muse shall daunt.
 Your grace gives vigour to my verses poore,
 Our fanſie at your eye doth flag or ſoar.
 The censure of ſo learn'd a majeſty
 20 Our Muse doth fear more then *Apollo's* eye.
 For we did taſt thoſe ſweets your lips let fall,
 When you did plead in cauſes criminall.
 But when *Apollo* thee inspir'd, O then
 What ſtreams of learning glided from thy pen!
 O Poet, deigne a Poets rain to guide,
 That ſo our yeare a ſweeter courſe may ſlide.

VVhen *Romulus* the times did firſt diſpoſe,
 Ten months to number out his yeare he choſe
 (Forſooth, thou hadſt more ſkill in ſignes of warres
 30 To curb thy neighbours, then in ſignes of ſtarres)
 Yet he by reaſons was to this induc'd:
 His errour, *Cæſar*, may be well excus'd.
 What time the mother in her womb doth bear
 Her breeding child, juſt that he made his yeare.
 That time the widow from the fatall burning
 Of her dead mate did wear the ſignes of mourning.
 Theſe arguments did *Romulus* regard
 When he the ſeaſons to his peaſants ſhar'd.
Mars had the firſt, the next was *Venus* place;
 40 He father, and ſhe mother of his race:
 The third from *Eld*, the fourth from *Yongth* is nam'd
 The number titles for the reſt hath fram'd.
 But *Numa* willing *Janus* to adore,
 And dead mens ghoſts, prepos'd a couple more.

Now you the duties of each day must know:
 For every day did not the like allow.
 That was Non-leet-day which the three words scap't,
 That Leet-day was wherein the courts were kept.
 These offices were not all day performing:
 'Tis Leet at noon, but 'twas a Non-leet morning. 50
 Before the Prætour pleading then begun,
 And suits of law when sacrifice was done.
 Some dayes the people in the rails include,
 Some on the ninth day still their course renew'd.
 Queen *Juno's* care our *Romane Calends* shield:
 A fat white lamb in th' Ides to *Jove* is kill'd.
 The Nones are blank, and want a sacrifice:
 Take heed, I pray, the next a black day is.
 The reason's from th'events: In them, they say,
 Our *Romane* host have often lost the day. 60
 But once of these it shall suffice to speak
 In all our book, lest I my order break.

Germanick, lo! our *Janus* thee doth bring
 A happy yeare: he is the first I sing.
 Tway-faced *Janus*, our still-pac't yeares guide,
 Who onely of the gods seest thy back-side.
 Come gracious to our captains, by whose care
 Both sea and land secure of tumult are.
 Come gracious to our *Romane* lords and states,
 And in good will unlock thy temple-gates. 70
 A good day comes; let tongues from hearts salute:
 Good words and greetings this good day do suit.
 Let idle wranglings not molest the ear:
 Brawling people now your suits deferre.
 See how the heavens with spicy fires do shine,
 And spikenard crackles on the hearths divine.
 Splendent flames do lash the temples gold,
 Winkling lustre to the roof extoll'd.

- White robes now walk to our Tarpeian wall :
 80 The people's deckt in gaytie festivall.
 New purple shines: new rods now stalk in state:
 The ivory'd benches bear another weight.
 The fair fat ox, whose neck ne're felt the yoke,
 Now yields it to the sacrificing stroke.
 Jove when he views the world from towring skies
 Hath nought but Romane to imploy his eyes.
 Hail holy-day; come alwayes fortunate :
 Deserving worship of a world-great state.
 But, *Janus*, now what god shall I thee call?
 90 For *Greece* hath nere a god like thee at all.
 Rehearse the reason why thou hast such ods
 Of looking both wayes, more then all the gods.
 I walkt, my note-book in mine hand, I mus'd :
 The temple brighter shines then earst it us'd.
 Majestick *Janus* turns immediately
 His double visage to my wondring eye.
 Amazement makes my hairs upright to start :
 A sudden terrour chills me to the heart.
 His staff in's right hand, in his left his key;
 100 From former face he thus replies to me :
 Time's studious prophet, cast aside all fear,
 And from my mouth what thou desirest heare.
 Old times did call me *Chaos* (I'm a thing
 Of deepest eld) mark what old acts I sing.
 All these foure elements, the Aire so clear,
 Fire, Earth, and Water, one whole bodie were.
 When strife they ceas'd, and this laborious masse
 To severall houses separated was,
 Fire mounted heaven; the next the Aire possess'd;
 110 The Earth and Water in the midst were press'd.
 Then I, who was a rude and shapelesse load,
 Came to the true proportion of a god.
 Because my badge of that rude lump is small,
 My fore and back parts differ not at all.

Book 1. or *Romane Calendar.*

5

The other reason of my shape I'll show,
Which with my office thou shalt also know.
What-ere thou seest, heaven, aire, and sea, and land,
Are all lockt up, and open'd by mine hand:
This vast worlds guard is in my onely power:
The wheeling of the hinge of heaven is our.
When peace I please into calm courts to send,
She in safe paths about doth freely wend.
With fatall blond the world would drenched be,
Should I not curb stern warre with this my key.
I with the gentle Houres heavens portalls guard:
Love's self goes in and out too by my ward:
Thence *Janus* call'd. And when the priest doth make
A wafer for me, and a salt-meal-cake,
The name doth seem ridiculous: some whiles
He me *Patufius*, and then *Clusius*, styles.
My double office rude antiquitie
By this alternat name would signifie.
Thou seest my office, now will I make known
My figure's ground, in part already shown:
Two fronts (thou know'st) belong to every gate:
This tow'rs the people, tow'rs the household that.
And as the porter at his gate with you
Does both the ingresse and the egress view:
So I the porter of heavens court survey
Left at a wink the East and Western bay.
See *Hecate*, her faces three wayes bends,
And so she eas'ly three-leet wayes defends:
So without motion I two wayes can see,
Left losse of time there should in moving be.
This said, he promis'd with a courteous eye,
If more I askt, he would not me denie.
I courage took, and thank't Sr *Janus* then,
And casting down mine eye thus spake again.
Why doth the New yeare in the cold begin?
The gentle spring a fitter time had bin.

120

130

140

150

- Times age renews then, and renews all things :
 On swelling twigs the pearly vine-bud springs.
 Leaves deck the trees in summer-green attire :
 Both grasse and grain above the ground doth spire.
 Birds descants warble in the calmed aire,
 Both birds and beasts do sport about and pair.
 The sun shines warm. Then comes the vagrant swallow
 And on a beam her mortar-work doth follow.
 The farmers ploughes his fallow grounds manure :
- 160 This should have been the yeares beginning sure.
 I largely ask't, he made no large replies,
 But in two verses doth his speech comprize.
Sols first and last day doth in winter fall,
 The yeare the same beginning hath with *Sol*.
 Then marvell'd I why with some suits of laws
 This day is kept: Sayes *Janus*, Learn the cause.
 Upon the first day some affairs we raise,
 Lest from the *Omen* all the yeare should laze.
 Each in his art for that some businesse does,
- 170 And by those acts his yearly studies shews.
 But why (said I) do we bring myrrh and wine
 To thee before the other powers divine?
 That you (sayes he) by me who keep the doore,
 May have accesse to any other power.
 And why (said I) on this first day such greetings,
 And hearty wishes do we use at meetings?
 Replies he, leaning on his staff in's hand,
 In their beginnings do all *Omens* stand.
 Your jealous eares you turn to each first word :
- 180 The watchfull Augur marks the first-spy'd bird.
 Gods eares and temples all stand ope : no tongue
 Makes idle pray'rs, but every word is strong.
 Thus answer'd he. I was not silent much,
 For his last word I with my first did touch.
 What means dry figs and palm-fruit I wot not,
 And honey offer'd in a fine-white pot.

That's for good luck, that things may favour so,
And that our yeare a pleasant race may go.

This have I learn'd ; but shew the reason now
Of new-yeares gifts, that I may all parts know.

190

He smil'd : O how doth thy age thee deceive !

Honey more sweet than money to believe !

Scarce saw any in old *Saturns* reign

That was not taken with the sweets of gain.

In tract of time the Having love did grow :

'Tis now at height, and can no further go.

Wealth now is farre more set by then of yore,

Rome being a novice, and her people poore.

When *Mars*-got *Romulus* in mean stalls liv'd,

And little beds of river-reeds were weav'd,

200

In narrow court *Jove* scarce upright could stand,

And held an earthen thunderbolt in's hand.

Then leaves for gold the Capitol adorn'd :

To keep his flocks the Senatour nere scorn'd,

Nor sham'd to sleep upon a lock of hay,

Or on a pad of straw his head to lay.

The Prætour kept his court new come from plow:

A plate of silver as a shame did show.

But when proud Fate this places head had rear'd,

And *Romes* top-gallant neare the gods appear'd,

210

Then wealth encreas'd, and wealths unglut desire,

Men much possessing still much more require.

To spend what's gotten, and to get what's spent,

The very course is vices nourishment.

So they whose bodies swelling dropsies have,

The more they drink the more they liquour crave.

Coin has the count, wealth gets the honour still :

Wealth gets the friends, the poore shifts where he will,

But if thou ask why new-yeares gifts are sent,

And why old moneyes us so well content :

220

First brasse was given ; now better 'tis in gold :

The newer coin hath taken place of old.

Gold-temples please us, though the old w' approve:
The majestic a god doth most behove.

We praise old times, but yet make use of new;
To both their customes like observance due.

He made an end : When conging courteously
Key-keeping *Janus* thus accosted I;

Much have I learn'd: but why one side the brasle
230 Is stamp't a ship, and then a double face?

Seest thou, quoth he, that double picture in't?
It is my face, but time hath blurr'd the print.

The Ships cause learn. A ship old *Saturn* brought
On *Tuscan* stream, the whole world roam'd about.

I well remember since He pitch't upon

These coasts; when *Jove* the throne of heaven had won.

The name *Saturnia* thence this land did bear,

And *Latium* too: because he sheltred here.

But after ages, as a mindfull signe

240 Of his arrivall, stamp't a ship in coyn.

I then manur'd that ground on whose left side
Sand-guilded *Tiber's* courteous stream doth glide.

Where *Rome* now stands there grew a loftie wood;

This mightie masse was then but pasture-food.

Mine altar stood upon yon hill, which from

My name this age doth call *Faniculum*.

Then reigned I, when gods did dwell on ground,

And pow'rs divine in humane seats were found.

Mans crimes from earth yet had not Justice driven:

250 She last of gods withdrew her self to heaven.

Without constraint shame rul'd the hearts of men,

Not fear: small pains to judge the Commons then.

I knew no warres, but kept my Peace and Doore,

These arms, quoth he, his key advanc'd, I wore.

His lips he closing, mine then open'd I,

My question still provoking his reply:

Since thou hast many temples, why dost stand

In this alone, with markets twain at hand.

He, coaxing then his grave and bushy beard
 Down to his waist, the *Tatian* warres declar'd.
 How that light guard entic'd with *Sabine* chains
 Led into towre king *Tatius* and his trains.
 From thence, as now, where you, quoth he, descend,
 A hill through markets to the vales doth bend.
 Now stole they to the gate, whose fastned lock
 Malignant *Juno* off the bolts did knock.
 Both to thwart it with so high a power,
 Did slyly help them with a feat of our,
 And op'd the spring-heads (which my art can do)
 And suddenly let floods of water go.
 First in the veins I sulphur threw about,
 That scalding streams might force the *Tatians* out.
 By which, the *Sabines* almost scallt and slain,
 The place its former nature did regain.

260

270

For this good turn they me a Chapell raise,
 Where cakes and barley on my altars blaze.

But why in warres unbolted are thy gates,
 And lockt in peace? The reason he relates:

In time of warre I set my doores wide ope,
 To make retreat for every marcht forth troop.
 In peace I 'm barr'd, lest forth stern warre should flee:

280

And long in *Cesars* empire barr'd I'le be.
 This said, he lifts his all-way-looking eyes,
 And views what ever in the broad world lies.

'Twas peace, O *Cesar*, and subdued *Rhene*,
 To raise thy triumphs, paid his tribute then.
 Peace and peace-makers, *Janus*, death-lesse make:

Let not the authour e're that work forsake,
 Now let me tell what registers do say;
 Our fathers gave two temples on this day.
 The isle where *Tiber* in two parts doth runne,
 Did welcome *Æsculapius Phebus* sonne.

290

Jove hath a part: one place them both contains:
 The grandchild's temple to the grandsire's joyns.

He

What

- + What lets to sing the starres ascent and set?
 This is a piece on which our Muse must treat.
 Blest souls who first did this rare science love,
 And striv'd to climb those crySTALL courts above!
 From worldly vices and all baser toyes
- 300 They (doubtlesse) their diviner thoughts did raise.
 Nor wine, nor love, nor warres, nor court-affairs
 Did break those lofty-towring minds of theirs :
 Nor varnish't glory, nor ambition light,
 Nor thirst of riches did distract their spright.
 They drew the starres familiar to our eyes,
 And to their knowledge did submit the skies.
 So heaven is scal'd, not as *Olympus* yerst
 Did *Ossa* bear, the clouds with *Pelion* pierc'd.
 We by those guides will meet those heavenly lines,
- 310 And point each day to his associate signes.
 The third night come before the Nones ensue,
 When earth is dabbled with the morning dew,
 To seek eight-footed *Cancers* arms were vain,
 He headlong falls into the western main.
 Much rain doth threat from hovering clouds to flow
 The Nones, the Harp arising, signes will show.
 Let foure dayes from the Nones be past, then shall
 Old *Janus* have his service *Agonall*.
 The girt-up priest, who at the altar slayes
- 320 The beast to him, may be the titles cause :
 Who being about to drench his knife in bloud,
Agone cryes, nor strikes till he's allow'd.
 This feast *Agnalia* they did term (some say)
 In ancient times, one letter ta'n away.
 Some think, because the beasts are driven, they call
 This day from cattle-driving, *Agonal*.
 Or else, because knives laid in water scare
 The wary beast, 'tis call'd so from that fear.
 Some hold that from those games the *Greeks* did make
- 330 In former times this day the name did take.

Which games old language did *Agonia* call :
 And in my mind this ground is best of all.
 How-ere 'tis doubtfull. But the great King-priest
 With sacred ram to *Janus* now must feast.
 By hands victorious *vittima* doth fall :
 From slaughtred host the beast we *hostia* call.
 In times of eld men pleas'd the pow'rs of heaven
 With crummes of salt, and meal of barley given.
 No forrain vessel through the swelling seas
 Brought in sweet myrrh wept from the rinds of trees. 340
Euphrates incense, *Ind* no cost did send :
 None did the strings of tawny saffron tend.
 From *Sabine* weeds the altars fumes did rise,
 And bay-boughs burning with a crackling noise.
 If any in his flow'r-prank't chaplets than
 Could violets put, he was a wealthy man.
 The knife that now the oxes flesh doth slice,
 Then had no office in a sacrifice.
 Next *Ceres* in the greedy swines bloud joy'd,
 From well requiting who her wealth destroy'd. 350
 For in the spring her tender juicy corn
 She found up-rooted by the swine and torn.
 He punish't was. Sir goat, you might have learn'd
 To keep from vines by his example warn'd :
 Whom one beholding on the vine-tree feeding,
 Did vent these words from no still grief proceeding ;
 Well goat gnaw on, yet when at th' altar thou
 Dost stand for death the wine shall wash thy brow.
 Truth proves his speech: to thee that foe of thine
Bacchus, given, his horns are dash't with wine. 360
 The swines fault wrong'd him & the goats : yee flocks
 What did ye merit? or the usefull ox?
 The shepherd *Aristaeus* mourn'd and pin'd
 His bees all dead and combs decay'd to find.
 From his blue mother comforted in grief,
 And in the end did give him this relief ;

Sonne,

- Sonne, stay these sorrows: *Proteus* thee will shew
 Thy losse to cure, and thy dead stock renew:
 But bind him sure in fetters strong, lest he
 370 With his transformed shapes should coosen thee.
 The young man to the Ocean Sage makes hast,
 And fast asleep his arms he shackles fast.
 His shape he changes, and transforms by charm;
 Straight tam'd with shackles comes to his own form,
 And raising his drencht face with his blue beard,
 Do'st seek, quoth he, to have thy stock repair'd?
 An oxes carcase bury in the field,
 And thy desire that buried ox shall yield.
 This did the youth: The putrid corps doth glow
 380 With swarms; from one life do a thousand flow.
 The saucie sheep cropt vervine in the spring,
 Which good old wives to countrey-gods did bring.
 What beast's secure, when profitable flocks
 Are slain at altars, and the toilsome ox?
 Beam-girt *Hyperion Persians* please with horse:
 No dull beast suits a god so swift in course.
 The hart that did to triple *Dian* fall
 Once for a maid, now dies for none at all.
Sabeans and chill *Amus* have I seen
 390 Dogs entrails offer to the *Trivian* queen.
 The asse unto the Garden-god is kill'd:
 The cause obscene, yet such this god doth yield.
 To ivi'd *Bacchus Greece* a feast did make,
 Which each third yeare a constant course doth take.
 The gods that kept about *Lyceus* side
 And all the neighbours to the banquet ply'd;
 The Fauns and Satyrs with obscenenesse fir'd,
 The Nymphs that haunt fresh springs and shades retir'd
Silenus sage on bow-backt asse was there,
 And he whose red flank frightfull birds doth scare.
 400 Who choosing in a grove a fitting place
 For such a feast, satc down on turfs of grasse.

They had wines from *Bacchus*: each did bring his crown:
 To cool their cups a brook hard by ran down.
 The Fairies some in loose and carelesse hair,
 Some in their artificiall tiores, were there.
 Some with their coats tuckt up unto the knee,
 Some naked-breasted in the service be.
 Some with bare shoulders, some in garments side
 Did sweep the grasse: their feet no sandals ty'd.
 Hence secretly at some the Satyres glow;
 And thou who with a pine-wreath bind'st thy brow.
 And thee, *Silenus*, quenchlesse lusts still hold:
 His lechery that makes thee never old.
 But *Priap's* love, the dun-thigh'd garden-guard,
 Whom all the rest was bent to *Lotis*-ward:
 For her he longs, for her he sighs and pines,
 To her he winks, and sues with nods and signes.
 He fills the fair, and beauty breeds disdain:
 She laughs at him, and flights his suits but vain.
 Night came, and sleep by wine provoked: they
 Each in his place to rest, being drowzy, lay.
 Beneath a maple *Lotis* on the grasse,
 Quite tir'd with sport, on th' outside tumbled was:
 Her sweet-heart rising holds his breath, and goes
 Most sily, creeping on his hands and toes.
 Her private lodging soon as he came nigh,
 He holds his wind from breathing out too high.
 His bulk he layes down eas'ly on the ground
 Close to her side, yet she asleep was found.
 All blith, her coats above her knees he drew,
 And luckily his businesse gan pursue.
 When lo! just then from his displeasing throat
Silenus asse brayes out an ugly note.
 He starts the nymph affrighted much, and shoves
Priap off, and flying wakes the groves.
 The god too forward with his tool obscene,
 Was soundly jeer'd at, by the moon-light seen.

410

420

430

This

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 The hart that did to triple *Dian* fall
 Once for a maid, now dies for none at all.
Sabeans and chill *Amus* have I seen
 390 Dogs entrails offer to the *Trivian* queen.
 The asse unto the Garden-god is kill'd:
 The cause obscene, yet such this god doth yield.
 To ivi'd *Bacchus* *Greece* a feast did make,
 Which each third yeare a constant course doth take.
 The gods that kept about *Lyceus* side
 And all the neighbours to the banquet ply'd;
 The Fauns and Satyrs with obscenenesse fir'd,
 The Nymphs that haunt fresh springs and shades retir'
Silenus sage on bow-backt asse was there,
 And he whose red flank frightfull birds doth scare.
 400 Who choosin in a grove a fitting place
 For such a feast, sate down on turfs of grasse.

They had wines from *Bacchus*: each did bring his crown:
 To cool their cups a brook hard by ran down.
 The Fairies some in loose and carelesse hair,
 Some in their artificiall tiores, were there.
 Some with their coats tuckt up unto the knee,
 Some naked-breasted in the service be.
 Some with bare shoulders, some in garments side
 Did sweep the grasse: their feet no sandals ty'd.
 Hence secretly at some the Satyres glow;
 And thou who with a pine-wreath bind'st thy brow.
 And thee, *Silenus*, quenchlesse lusts still hold:
 'Tis lechery that makes thee never old.
 But *Priap's* love, the dun-thigh'd garden-guard,
 Amongst all the rest was bent to *Lotis*-ward:
 For her he longs, for her he sighs and pines,
 To her he winks, and sues with nods and signes.
 Pride fills the fair, and beauty breeds disdain:
 She laughs at him, and flights his suits but vain.
 Night came, and sleep by wine provoked: they
 Each in his place to rest, being drowzy, lay.
 Beneath a maple *Lotis* on the grasse,
 Quite tir'd with sport, on th' outside tumbled was:
 Her sweet-heart rising holds his breath, and goes
 Most slyly, creeping on his hands and toes.
 Her private lodging soon as he came nigh,
 He holds his wind from breathing out too high.
 His bulk he layes down eas'ly on the ground
 Close to her side, yet she asleep was found.
 All blith, her coats above her knees he drew,
 And luckily his businesse gan pursue.
 When lo! just then from his unpleasing throat
Silenus asse brayes out an ugly note.
 He starts the nymph affrighted much, and shoves
Priap off, and flying wakes the groves.
 The god too forward with his tool obscene,
 Was soundly jeer'd at, by the moon-light seen.

410

420

430

This

- This cost the braying asse his life, who is
 440 To *Lampsacs* God a pleasing sacrifice.
 Wood-haunting birds, the countreys solace, yee
 (A harmlesse brood) were yet untouch'd and free.
 That build neat nests, and eggs with tender wing
 Hatch up, and in melodious accents sing.
 This nought avails: the Gods your tongues do find
 Too faulty in discovering their mind.
 And true it is; with wing and tattling bill
 You near to heaven disclose their secret will.
 The kind of birds, long free, at length yet dy'd,
 450 And Gods their traitours entrails gratifi'd.
 Thence on the burning hearths the milk-wing'd dove
 Is sacrific'd, snatch't from her tender love.
 Nor can the guarded Capitol release
 The gooses liver from choise *Inachs* messe.
 The cock by night to Nights black Queen they slay,
 Because his watchfull bill doth wake the day.
 Mean while the Dolphines glittering snout doth rise
 From native seas, and scales the azure skies.
 Next day doth winter equally divide:
 460 What past made even to what remains beside.
 Next dayes *Aurora* rising views in sight
 + Th' Arcadian Ladies pontificall rite.
 This day *Futurna* to a chapell took,
 Where *Mars* his field is girt with maiden brook.
 From whence shall I their cause and customes take?
 My doubtfull barge who guides amid this lake?
 Tell thou, who from thy verses tak'st thy name,
 My task assist, lest I should wrong thy fame.
 Before the Moon *Arcadia* did derive
 470 Her name from *Arcas* (may we her believe.)
 Here liv'd *Evander* honourable in
 Both pedegrees, but most in mothers kin.
 She, when her brest with heavenly fire was fill'd,
 From full-voic'd mouth true prophecies did yield:

That troubles did herself and sonne pursue,
 With much more news, which time approved true.
 For he with his too-skilfull mother, beat
 From *Arcadie*, forsook his native feat:
 And weeping (cries his mother) Do not mourn,
 My sonne; these fates must manfully be born.
 He was thus enroll'd in Fate: from thine abode
 No crime hath driven thee, but an angry God.
 Thou sufferest not thy merits, but heavens wrath:
 Clean innocence in wo much comfort hath.
 'Tis the conscience, so the mind doth breed
 Hope or fear for every acted deed.
 Thou art not the first that hath such evils born:
 These tempests have the greatest worthies torn.
 His *Cadmus* banish't from the *Tyrian* bay
 Dur'd, then settled in *Aonia*.
 This was both *Tydeus* and *Jasons* state,
 And divers more, too many to relate.
 Seas to fish, to birds as ayre and wind,
 Lands are native to a noble mind.
 Nor shall this winter last perpetually:
 Believe me, sonne, there is a spring for thee.
 Evander raised by his mothers speech,
 Roves up the waves, and *Italy* doth reach.
 When by her guidance to our river came
 The *Tiber*, and so sailed up the stream.
 The rivers margent on *Tarentums* side,
 And scattred stalls on desert plains she ey'd.
 Her hairs about her shoulders pour'd she stands
 Her poop, and scowling stayes the pilots hands.
 Her arms extended to the right side banks,
 Her frantick feet thrice stamp't she on the planks.
 Nor could *Evander* scarce with might and main
 Her leaping hast'ly on the bank restrain.
 O Gods (cries she) of this desired place;
 O land, the mother of a heavenly race:

480

490

500

Yea 510

- Ye springs & rivers of this land hospitious,
 Ye Fairies feat, and water-nymphs delicious,
 With good luck of my sonne and me be seen:
 With happie foot may we all touch this green.
 I erre, or else these hills huge walls shall see,
 And to this land all lands shall subject be.
 The world's engag'd to yonder mountains state:
 Who'uld think this place should comprehend such fate
 Troy's ships now shortly here arriving are:
 520 Here shall a woman cause a second warre.
 Dear *Pallas*, why do fatall arms array thee?
 Well, put them on; no common hand shall slay thee.
 Yet conquer'd *Troy* shall conquer: fall'n shall rise:
 Her ruines shall subdue her enemies.
 Ye conquering flames the *Dardane* towres devour:
 Their dust, now small, shall here the world o'repow'r
Aeneas now his gods and father brings:
 O *Vesta*, entertain those holy things!
 Time comes when one shall Earth with you defend;
 That god himself shall sacrifices spend.
 530 The *Cesars* then their countrey shall maintein:
 That noble house must guide the kingdomes reigne.
 That god-born prince (although himself denie)
 His fathers weight shall manage piously.
 As sure as altars me perpetually
 Shall worship, *Julia* shall a goddesse be.
 As with these words she came to these our times,
 Her tongue prophetick stay'd amid these rhy'mes.
 A boord on *Italy* these exuls went:
 540 Right blest; to whom that land was banishment!
 Streight rise new walls. Nor could that clime afford
 A greater Heroe then th' *Arcadian* lord.
 Lo, great *Tyrinthius*, as he now did rove
 The world, his *Spanish* oxen thither drove:
 And being here entertain'd by king *Evander*,
 His beasts unkept about the plains do wander.

The club-arm'd Heros, when the morn appear'd,
 Arose, and miss'd two oxen in his herd.
 He search'd, but finds no tract of beasts nor men;
 Fell *Cacus* dragg'd them backward to his den:
Cacus, the fear of *Aventine*, and wo;
 A plague to strangers and to natives too:
 Stern-look'd, strong-limb'd, a most prodigious masse:
 Black *Vulcane* fire of this vast monster was.
 Instead of house a desert cave, huge, vast
 And farre retir'd, by which no beast yet pass'd.
 Mens skulls and limbs were hang'd about his doore:
 The clotted ground was strew'd with bones all o're.
Jove's sonne departing with his ill-kept croud,
 The oxen stol'n unto their fellows low'd.
 Oh, I'm recall'd, quoth he: and following then
 The sound, through woods he rustles to his den.
 A piece of rock barr'd up his wide-mouth'd gate:
 Ten yoke of oxen scarce could move the weight.
 He shoves with shoulders which the heavens could bear,
 And with the motion up the load doth tear.
 Which tumbling down, the noise doth heaven affright:
 The pow'rfull masse the yielding ground doth smite.
 First *Cacus* gives the onset with heav'd hands,
 And fiercely deals with stones and burning brands:
 Which being but vain, his fathers art to use
 He strains, and fires from thundring throat he spues:
 You would have thought 't had bin *Typhæus* blast,
 And clattering volleys out of *Ætna* cast.
Atides drives on, and with knotty bat
 Three or foure times doth dash him o're the pate.
 He falls, and forth fire-mingled bloud doth poure,
 And, dying, with his huge bulk beats the floor.
 One of these heads to *Jove* he offers then,
 And calls *Evander* with the Countrey-men;
 He builds his Altar which is call'd the *Great*;
 Where the street derives the name from Neat.

550

560

570

580

Nor was *Carmentis* mute, but said, E're long
 The gods *Alcides* should be rank'd among.
 But this heaven-loved Prophetesse more blest'd
 This day, engoddes'd, in this month possess'd.

In th' Ides the holy Priest for sacrifice
 In *Joves* great court a wethers entrails fries.
 Then to our nation every province came.
 Then first *Augustus* was thy grandfires name.
 590 Search, reade the statues through the minsters old ;
 So great a title hath no prince extoll'd.
 One *Africks* conquest titles : these are nam'd
 To shew the *Cretians*, or *Isaurians* tam'd :
Numidians this, and him *Messanians* raise :
 From curb'd *Numantia* hath another praise.
Germania was both *Drusus* death and name :
 Ah me ! how short a vertue was that same !
 Should *Cesars* conquests give him appellations,
 600 He'd have as many as the world hath nations.
 From some one action some renowned grow ;
 From bracelets tane, or from a lucky crow.
Magnus, thy name's the measure of thy deeds :
 Yet he that conquer'd name and thee exceeds.
 Above the *Fabii's* name there's no degree ;
 For their great acts *Great* fames that familie.
 Yet all these humane celebrations are :
 With *Jove* himself *Augustus* name doth share.
 Old times *Augusta* call'd all things of state,
 610 And temples which the Priest did consecrate.
 From this words theme is *Auguries* descent,
 And whatsoe're *Joves* bounty doth augment.
 May he augment our Princes yeares and states,
 May oaken garlands still protect our gates.
 Still may this large names heir the cities weight,
 By heavens ayd, manage in his fathers fate.
 The third day after that the Ides are gone,
 Th' *Arcadian* goddesse hath more sacreds done.

Book 1. or *Romane Calendar.*

19

In carrs at first our wives did ride about :
 (Th' are call'd so from *Carmentis* out of doubt.)
 This privilege tane from them, all agreed
 No children for such thanklesse men to breed.
 And, to prevent, her embryon every mother
 Forc'd from her womb by some close means or other.
 They chid their wives for this their act abhorr'd ;
 But yet their custome was again restor'd.
 Then to *Carmentis* they consent to raise
 Two sacrifices, both for girls and boyes.
 No beast self-dead her chappel will endure :
 Because, unclean, it stains her altars pure.
 Who-e're thou art that lov'st old rites, the prayer
 Assist ; unhear'd-of names you now shall heare :
Postverta since, & *Porrina* w' appease ;
Carmentis sisters or her mates were these :
 The first, because she speaks of future things ;
 The last, because of matters past she sings.

620

630

640

650

Next day White Concord in a white church placed,
 Where tall *Moneta* on high steps is raised.
 Now be protectresse of the *Latine* train,
 Now sacred hands have rear'd thee up again.
 The *Tuscan* conquerour *Furius* of eld
 Did vow thee, and his solemn vow fulfill'd.
 The cause ; The commons 'gainst the nobles were
 In arms, and *Rome* did her own greatnesse fear.
 This last is best : Brave Prince thy thundring knocks
 Made *Germany* cut short her dangling locks.
 Then gav'st thou gifts of that triumphed nation ;
 And rais'd'st a church for Concords adoration.
 This did thy mother, *Joves* bed-worthy bride,
 Endow with altars and rich gifts beside.
 These things thus past, *Sol* leaving *Capricorn*,
 His race-horse to the Water-boy doth turn.
 The seventh day hence, when *Sol* his fierie wheels
 Cools in the sea, the Harp a part conceals.

- Next morn to this the bright starre that doth shine
 In *Leo's* breast, is quench'd in *Neptune's* brine.
 Three or foure times I search'd the Calendar,
 But could not find a Seed-day any where.
 My Muse perceiving, said, Seek thou alway
 660 For Holy-dayes: that's but a Bidden day.
 The day's uncertain, certain is the time,
 When seed-big fields do sprout forth in their prime.
 Crown'd oxen now at full-stuft mangers feed:
 The thriving spring more work for you will breed.
 His well-wrought plow the farmer on a post
 Hangs up: the ground fears every wound in frost.
 Farmers, let plowmen and manured soil
 (Your seed-time finish'd) rest and sport a while.
 Now plowmen feast, and now surround your corn;
 670 And yearly gifts on Countrey-altars burn.
Ceres and *Terra* mothers of your seed
 Please with big sow and fruits themselves do breed.
 These two one common benefit maintein;
 This yields the place, and she the cause of grain.
 These two co-workers ancient times renew'd;
 That nobler food condemned akorns rude.
 Fill up the Farmers gapings with rich crops:
 Yield some requitall to their pains and hopes.
 With constant growths encrease you still their corn:
 680 Let not chill snows the blade yet tender burn.
 In sowing seed let smooth gales ope the skies:
 Rain down soft showr's when underground it lies.
 Scare grain-devouring flocks of birds away:
 Because that they our Cereall wealth destroy.
 Ye toyling pismires, spare the corn new sown:
 In harvest-time more plenty will be grown.
 Thus let it thrive from rusty blasting free;
 Nor by the heav'ns distemper sickly be.
 Not too too thin, nor yet too rank, whereby
 690 To faint through too much prodigality.

Book 1. Or *Romane Calendar*.

21

Free all the grounds from eye-annoying darnel:
Let not an eare bring forth a chaffie kernel.
Let fields all yield in huge encrease rich wheat,
And rie, and barley, twice enduring heat.
Thus I for you, thus for your own affairs
Ye Farmers pray : may both Pow'rs heare our prayers !
Warres long have vext us ; swords were more in course
Then shares ; the ox gave place to th' haughty horse.
Rakes idle lay, and mattocks turn'd to piles ;
In fire the spade to make a helmet boils.
Thanks to the Gods and to thy house, that long
Warres under foot have lain in fetters strong.
Let th' ox be in his yoke, in soil the seed :
Peace, *Ceres* mother, *Ceres* still doth feed.

700

The fifth before the Calends first begins,
Were temples rais'd to those *Ledean* twins.
Two brother-Gods to brother-Gods did make
These fabricks seated neare *Juturna* lake.

To *Peace* her altar hath our verse us brought,
Which is one day before the month goes out.
Sweet *Peace*, approach with *Actian* garlands crown'd,
And through the world continue thou renown'd.
Adieu all foes, though here no triumphs be ;
Peace more then Warre doth Princes magnifie.
Let souldiers carry arms, arms to confound :
Let blaring trumpets nought but pomp resound.
Let *Troy's* brave race the world with terrour move :
Let every land that dreads not *Rome*, her love.
On peacefull flames, ye Priests, sweet incense lay,
And cattel with wine-dabbled forelocks slay.
Let pious pray'rs the yielding Gods attend,
That this calm house in *Peace* may time transcend.

710

720

But now the first piece of my task is done :
And, with our book, we through this month are run.

The end of the first Book.

21

OVIDS FESTIVALLS;

OR,

ROMANE CALENDAR.

The second Book ;

or,

FEBRUARIE.

The Argument.

THe Etymologie of this months name.*S^t Satety's chapell. And Arions fame.**Great Cefars title. Nymph Calisto fair.**The Fabii slain. The Crow. Lupercals bare.**Pans love ; the cheat. A Wolf the Martiall twins**Expos'd doth nurse. Wives pregnant made with skins.**Quirinus deifi'd. Fools-Holy-day.**To Parents tombs and Silence rites they pay.**Charistia. Terminus. Young Tarquines lust**Lucrece from life, himself from's throne doth thrust.**Annus is done : Our yeare with rhythmes*
*doth run ;**And with the Month another book's be-*
*gun.**Now Elegies your sails you 'gin display**Me thoughts you were but little flags to day.**You were my nimble pages in my love,**When first our Muse in youthfull sports did rove :**Now Calendary Holy dayes you sing :**How should this new from that old subject spring ?**This is my chivalry : these arms I wear :**10 Our hands not void of all employments are.*

Wh

What though our arm no javelin's flight doth force,
Nor check the chidings of a foming horse,
Nor girt with sword, nor with a helmet fens'd?
(None but may vaunt in those habiliments)
We studiously, brave Cesar, search thy names,
And trace the Titles thy desert proclaims:
Accept this service with a calmed brow;
If freed a while from curbing of the foe.

Old Romanes did Purgations *Februa* call:
And now good signes they guard this word withall. 20
The Nobles from th' High Priest, and *Flamen* by
Took locks of wooll, call'd *Februa* anciently.
Thus were those purgings styl'd, that hot-salt cake,
Which at some houses Lictours us'd to take.
The bough was termed thus which was cut down
From Laurel-tree the Priests chafte brows to crown.
I've seen a Pine-branch to *Flaminia's* hand
Deliver'd, when she *Februa* did demand.
What-ever, lastly, us doth purifie
Was styl'd thus by unshorn Antiquity. 30
Hence comes this month, because *Luperi* run
With goat skin-thongs in that purgation:
Or else because the balefull dayes now rid,
The season's pure, and grave-ghosts quieted.
By due purgation men in times of eld
All crimes and evils expiable held.
Greece thought (which first this custome did begin)
By sprinkling men were quitted from their sinne.
Once *Peleus* did *Patroclus* purge in water,
And him *Acastus* purg'd from *Phocus* slaughter. 40
And *Ageus* vainly *Phasis* purifi'd,
Who on curb'd dragons in the aire did ride.
As *Ammon* did to *Achelous* say,
Purge me from sinne; he purg'd his sinne away.

Ah, too too silly, who imagine water
Can wash away that heavy crime of slaughter !
But, that you may the ancient order know,
Know *Janus*, as before, the first is now.

The next to *Janus* was the old yeares last :

50 And *Terminus* did end the rites all past.

Janus the first month is, as 't were the Gate :

The next was last, to Ghosts being consecrate.

Long after, our *Decemviri* ('t is thought)

These months farre-distanc'd both together brought.

In this months entrance, near the *Phrygian* Dame,
New Temples once enlarg'd St *Safety's* fame.

Where are those buildings in these Calends rais'd,

If you enquire : Time them hath quite defac'd.

Our sacred Princes Care and Providence

60 Our other from the like decay prevents ;

And lets no wrong to them be done by time :

Obliging Gods, as well as men, to him.

Great Temple-founder and repairer too,

Still may the Gods have mutuall care of you !

May Gods those yeares which you give them give thee,

And for thy house stand to eternitie.

Then is the Grove solemniz'd, and th' *Asyle*,
Where forrein *Tybris* to the sea doth toil..

At *Numa's* shrine and in the *Capitol*

70 Of thundring *Jove* a two-yeare-sheep doth fall.

Ofttimes great gusts the mantled heavens do shed ;

Or feath'ry snow the earth doth overspread.

When next days *Titan* dives the western stream,

And pearly harnesse takes from purple team ;

That night one lifting to the heavens his eyne,

Sayes, Where's the Harp which yesternight did shine

And seeking for the Harp, spies suddenly

The Lions middle drench'd in western sea.

The starre-embossed Dolphine, which to night
80 Is seen, the next night after shuns our sight.

For being *Neptunes* faithfull spie fix'd there ;
 Or 'cause he did the Lesbian Harper bear.
 What sea or land but rings *Arions* fame,
 Whose sweetest strains the swiftest streams could tame ?
 The wolf oft coursing silly lambs to kill,
 The lamb oft running from the wolf, stood still :
 Oft dogs and hares beneath one covert lay ;
 And harts by lions on a bank did stay :
 At sight of th' owl the jackdaw made no prate ;
 And by the dove the puttock quiet sate.

'Tis said that *Cynthia* did as much admire
Arions musick as her Brothers lyre.

90

Arions fame had fill'd the *Sicil* sea ;
 His lyrick songs did charm *Ausonia*.

He, with his riches purchas'd by his art,
 Took ship into his countrey to depart.

Perhaps, poore man, thou dread'st the waves and wind!
 But thou the sea more safe then ship didst find.

For lo, the Pilot, now a Pirate, stands,
 And all his crue with naked swords in hands.

100

Pilot, what mak'st thou with a sword? throw't from thee,
 And guide thy ship : those tools do more become thee.

Hopale with fear ; *For life I do not pray :*
On my harp let me rehearse one lay.

They in derision yielded. He puts on
 His laurell-crown which might become the Sunne :

Then dons his gown in *Tyrian* purple dy'd :
 The fingred strings in measures due reply'd.

His sings in mournfull numbers, like a Swan
 Whose hardned quills have pierc'd his ag'd brain-pan :

110

Then into water thus attir'd doth skip :
 The battred billows all bedash the ship.

Whom on his arched back (most strange to say!)
 The Dolphine takes, and bears him on his way.

He sits, and for his portage-wages sings :
 The melting waves are ravish'd at his strings.

Fove

Jove and the Gods this piety beheld,
And with nine stars in heaven the *Dolphine* seal'd.

Now, grand *Meonian*, I a thousand veines
120 Could wish, with thine *Achilles*-blazing strains.
Whiles holy times we sing on varying quill,
Still more renown our Calendar doth fill.
My breast falls short: beyond my strength I strive:
We speciall numbers to this day must give.
Ah fool, to elegize a weight so great!

This should have walk'd upon Heroick feet.
Hail, *Pater Patriæ*! thee this title gave
Both Court, and Commons, and our Order gave.
Yet 't was too late: Thy deeds e're that claim'd more
130 Thou wert the worlds great *Father* long before.
Jove's name in heaven is thine on earth: small odds
Thou *Father* of mankind, he of the Gods.
Yield, *Romulus*: Our Prince thy walls doth keep
Invictèd; *Remus* over thine could leap.
You curb'd small *Cures*, *Tatius*, and *Canine*:
His *Romane* reigne out-starts *Sols* farthest line.
You but in small *epitome* did reigne:
All under *Jove* doth *Cesars* pow'r contain.
He honours Chastity, defil'd by thee:

140 Your grove did hatch, he stabs Iniquitie:
He fosters Laws; you nurtur'd Violence:
You styl'd but *Lord*; he, *Universall Prince*:
You tax'd by *Remus*; he is his foes Saver:
Thy father thee; he deifies his father.

The *Trojane* Lad now to the waist appears,
And sokes the earth with store of Nectar tears.
Now all whom *Boreas* rigid blasts made quake,
Cheer up; for *Zephyr* milder aire doth make.

When *Lucifer* his sparkling crest doth raise
150 In this fifth morn, the Spring begins straightwayes.
But yet take heed; there still remains some cold:
For waning Winter still harsh signes doth hold.

The third night after we may see in skies
 The northern *Bearherd* with his feet to rise.
 Also was the prettiest Lasse among
 The Nymphs of quiver-girt *Diana's* throng.
 Her Lady's bow she takes : *This bow*, quoth she,
hold here witnesse my virginitie.
 This *Cynthia* prais'd : *Thy vow*, quoth she, *maintein,*
and thou shalt be the Lady of my train.
 He had kept her promise had she not been fair :
 All men she scorns ; but *Jove* doth her impair.
 From hunting thousand games in forrests vast
 He comes about noontide or past.
 Now in her grove with holms all overgrown,
 And the which a clear-cool spring ran down,
 The *Tegean Maid*, and in the cool, she said,
let's wash. She blush'd at that false title, *Maid.*
 The Nymphs, all bidden, laid their coats away.
 He grew suspicious by her sham'd delay.
 Her clothes pull'd off, the swellings of her womb
 In open traitour to her shame become.
Evil-want, false Strumpet, from our virgin-train,
he Goddesse cri'd, nor these pure waters stain.
 Ten times the Moon her horns to orbs had brought ;
 He's now a mother who a maid was thought.
 Wrong'd *Juno* storming chang'd the wenches shape :
 O spare ! She strove : it was thy Husbands rape)
 And as the maid an ugly bear did turn,
 At *Jove*, saith she, *in those embraces burn.*
 The shapelesse beast in forrests wild doth rove,
 When did erewhile enamour mighty *Jove.*
 The Bastard-boy his fifteenth yeare did run,
 When lo ! by chance his mother met her sonne.
 As she him had known, stood still (poor wretch!)
 Yes, he groined : groining was her onely speech.
 : The deadly wound the ignorant lad had given,
 That they both were taken up to heaven ;

160

170

180

Joynt

- Joynt constellations : One we *Arctos* read :
 190 The next *Boötes* doth behind succeed.
 To hoary *Tethys Juno* vext more went
 To banish *Arctos* from her watry tent.
 Wild *Faunus* Altars in the Ides do glow,
 Where parted streams about the island flow.
 This is the day wherein the *Fabii's* train,
 Three hundred six, were by the *Veians* slain.
 One House a city's weight and burden bear ;
 And kindred-armies arms professed wear.
 All out of one tent march couragiously ;
 200 Of whom there's none but might a Captain be.
Carmentis Gate's right hand to *Janus* leads ;
 (Go no man that way: it an *omen* breeds)
 Forth by that portall march'd this noble House :
 The Gate's not faulty; yet 't is ominous.
 Soon as to rapid *Cremera*, whose banks
 Were now brim-full, they came in speedy ranks,
 Their tents pitch'd down, they rush with blades in hand
 In Martiall prowesse through the *Tyrrhene* band,
 Like lions of the *Libyan* breed, which tear
 210 The scatter'd herd about the fields each where.
 The routed foes base wounds on back-sides bide :
 The blushing ground in *Tuscane* blood is dy'd.
 Thus oft they fall. Now when by chivalry
 They nought could do, to policie they flie.
 A plain there is inclos'd on every side
 With hills and woods ; close coverts beasts to hide.
 Amid this field few herds and men display :
 Among the woods the rest in ambush lay.
 Lo, like a torrent puff'd by sudden storm,
 220 Or banks of snow dissolv'd by *Zephyrs* warm :
 O're corn and hedges it doth range and rage ;
 Nor can the banks its luxury assuage :
 Even so the *Fabii* range about the field ;
 And, fearing nought, whoms'ere they met they kill'd.

O whither royall brood ? O trust them not !
 Right noble bloud, beware their treacherous plot.
 Friend murders valour : th' ambushment unseen
 Rush into open fields and hemme them in.

What could so few against ten thousand swords ?
 What help was there which misery affords ?

230

As a boar chas'd by a cry of hounds,
 The yelping curs with thundring tushes wounds ;
 He falls at last : so they with vengeance die ;
 And take and deal their wounds alternately.

One day the *Fabii* did in arms array :

In arms array'd they all were slain one day.

It is said the Gods provided that some seed
 Might still be left in this *Herculean* breed.

One young stripling of the *Fabian* race,
 It for feats of arms, surviving was.

240

Which, *Maximus*, was thee to propagate,
 Who by delaying didst restore the State.

Three constellations near : the Snake, the Crow,

And then the Cup that's couch'd between the two.

In th' Ides they are conceal'd, but next night rise :

Will tell the cause of their societies.

Chanc'd that *Phæbus* gave to *Jove* one day
 A solemn feast : (My tale shall make no stay)

A Bird, that nothing maybe wanting, bring,

Both he, some water from a running spring.

250

The golden tanker in his claws the Crow

Takes, and through aire with waving wings doth row.

A fig-tree full of figs yet green there stood :

He pecks off one: it was not fit for food.

Errand flighted, he among the twigs

Employ'd ring, till the season rip'd the figs ;

Then fills his crop, and, catching up a Snake,

Brings to his Master, and this lie doth make ;

Here my let, the springs usurper, who

Keeps me from water and my duty too.

260

D'you

D' you adde a lie to this vile trick of your ?
 Dare you delude an all-beholding Power ?
 For this no water shalt thou drink, quoth he,
 Whiles figs in ripening hang upon the tree.

This *Phœbus* said : Crow, Snake, and Cup, all shine
 Near-neighbouring stars, the deeds eternall signe.

The third day next the Ides *Luperci* bare
 Run, and horn'd *Faunus* rites solemniz'd are :
 Relate, ye Muses, their originall,

270 And whence derived to the *Romane* wall.

The old *Arcadians* much did *Pan* adore :

Who but S^r *Pan* in all *Arcadia's* shore ?

Stymphalian waters, & green *Pholoe*,

And swift-stream'd *Ladon* may my witnesse be.

Pine-stately *Nonacrine* the same doth know,

And high *Træzene*, and *Parrhasian* snow.

Herds, Groves, & Springs *Pans* power there did k

Pan had large offrings for protected sheep.

His countrey-Gods *Evander* did translate

280 To this our city, then a city's plat.

Thence we that God with *Grecian* rites adore :

Here's still *Joves Flamen*, as was there of yore.

Why run they then about (you ask) so fast ?

Why run they naked all their clothes off-cast ?

The God himself o're mountains doth delight

To runne, and force men to a sudden flight.

The God self-naked makes his frie :

Clothes are a hindrance to agility.

Before *Joves* birth *Arcadians* till'd the land :

290 They say that nation e're the Moon did stand.

At first rude Boores devoyd of wit and art,

Like bruits unexercis'd in reasons part :

Boughs were their house, roots were the food they k

With both their palms for drink they water drew :

No oxen panted at the crooked plow :

No landlord as his own a field did ow :

No horse was us'd ; legs were in stead of steed :
 Sheep wooll for none but for themselves did breed.
 With bodies naked they the aire indur'd,
 To nipping frosts and sturdy storms inur'd.
 Therefore they naked runne, in signe and honour
 Of hardinesse and that old bare-skin'd manner.
 Yet for the chief cause why *Pan* doth detest
 All clothes, Tradition tells a merry jest.
 Perchance *Tirynthius* by his Sweet-hearts side
 Walk'd, whereas *Faunus* on a bank them spi'd.
 He eyes and fries, and, *Countrey-lasses*, cries,
None for my diet ; here my Cupid lies.
 The *Lydians* shoulders with perfumed hair,
 Her breasts with glittering gold begaudy'd were.
 A golden fanne *Sols* rivall heat repell'd,
 Which *Hercules* kind hand before her held.
 To *Bacchus* groves and *T'moles* vineyards now
 They came when *Hesper* in the West did glow.
 A cave, by which there playes a chearfull brook,
 With topazes and pumice arch'd they took.
 Now, while the servants had prepar'd the feast,
 In her attire her *Hercules* she drest.
 She puts on him her purple waist-coat slender,
 And girdle, which embrac'd her body tender.
 Her zone's too little ; and her waist-coats bands
 He stretches out to thrust forth his huge hands.
 Her bracelets break, not made for that intent :
 His huge plaice-foot her pretty sandals rent.
 His weighty club and lions spoils she tries,
 And quiver-weapons of a lesser cise.
 Thus, supper ended, both themselves apply
 To sleep, and on two severall couches lie,
 Because next day some rites to *Joves* Wine-sonne
 They should perform, which must be purely done.
Pan comes (What dares not vent'rous love assault?)
 In midnight-darknesse to the silent vault :

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He

He finds the servants clogg'd with wine and sleep,
And hopes the same clogs did the Lovers keep.

In comes the Lecher bold, romes here and there :

His groping hands his warie ushers were.

At last he on the Lady's bed layes hold,

At first right happy in his venture bold.

Soon as he touch'd the lions bristly hide,

340 He plucks his hand back greatly terrifi'd.

Then trembling comes again, again goes back :

Just like a traveller that spies a snake.

Then feels he to the softer-clothed bed,

Which stood at hand, by couz'ning signes misled.

Up crawls he, and on th' hither side lyes down :

His member stiffer then his horns were grown.

Mean while the feet he softly doth uncover :

His thighs with bristly hairs were harsh all over.

Attempting more, *Alcides* from the couch

350 Throws him quite off : down lumps the lustfull slouch

Maonia at the noise for lights doth cry ;

Which brought there make a strange discovery.

He, with his fall much bruised, grones and mones ;

And, much ado, heaves up his heavy bones.

Alcides laugh'd, and all, at that night-rover ;

And *Omphale* laughs at her goodly Lover.

The God by garments cheated, hates them all,

And none but naked to his rites doth call.

Muse, to these forrein adde our Countrey's cause,

360 And let our steed in his own barriers race.

A goat to *Faunus* slain, as was the manner,

Invited neighbours came to that small honour.

And while the priests th' embowell'd beast do rost

On willow-spits, about noontide almost,

The Martiall twinnes and Countrey-lads begun

Some sports all naked in the fields and sunne :

And with swift whorlbats, casting stones and darts,

They exercis'd their bodies strength and parts.

Beho

Behold a Shepherd on a mountain high,
 Help, *Sirs*: thieves drive away our beasts, doth crie.
 I were long to arm: two severall wayes both run;
 And *Remus* first the prey recover'd wonne.
 Return'd, he draws from spits the hissing meat:
 Quoth he, *Let none but those that conquer'd eat.*
 Thus did the *Fabii* too. *Quirinus* there
 Came now devoyd, and spies the boards all bare.
 He laughs; yet griev'd that *Remus Fabii*
 Should winne the game, not his *Quintilii*.
 The fame continues: they all naked race;
 And he that got the day hath got the grace.
But why and for what cause, perhaps you'l say,
To we Lupercal call that place and day?
 Nun *Sylvia* at one birth two God-got twinnes
 Brought forth, her uncle then the Countrey's Prince.
 He charg'd his men i'th' river them to drown.
 O spare! what mean'st thou? *Romulus* is one.
 Th' unwilling men obey the tragick King;
 And th' infants to the place they weeping bring.
 Then *Albula* (from *Tyberine* there drown'd
 Call'd *Tyber* since) had overflown the ground.
 Here where now streets are and the valleys low
 Th' ample *Circus*, cock-boats then did row.
 Long hither come (nor could they further go)
 In bitter grief thus burst forth one or two;
How, how fair! ah me, how like they be!
Of both the perkeft is to see.
What the face the pedigree may shew,
Wesse I misse, a God is one of you.
Were a God the authour of your race,
Sure would help in such a desp'rate case.
Your mother would: but helpher self doth need;
Day made mother and unmothered,
Twinnnes in birth and death; together drown
In sad stream. He ceas'd, and laid them down.

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- Both cry'd alike, as if they knew their wo.
 These to their homes with watry checks do go.
 A rush-boat on the top the babes upholds :
 O how much fate that little cratch enfolds !
 The boat by littles floting to the wood,
 410 The floud decreasing, pitch'd upon the mud.
 A fig-tree stood, the stump remains this day,
 Then *Rumina*, but now call'd *Romula*.
 To these poore Barns there comes a she-wolf wild :
 Most strange a wild beast should not hurt a child !
 Yet that was nothing ; she assists and nurses
 Those whom their kindred to their death enforces.
 She stands and fawns upon the nuddling twins,
 And with her tongue licks o're their tender skins.
Mars-got you'l say: They boldly draw the teat,
 420 And so are nourish'd with unhop'd-for meat.
 The Wolf that place, that place *Lupercals* nam'd:
 She for her nurs'ry well is paid, she's fam'd.
 Some draw *Lupercal* from th' *Arcadian* hill,
 Where *Pan Lyceus* hath a chapell still.
 Good wife leave craving ; neither charms, nor vows,
 Nor herbs can make thee mother of thy house.
 Take patiently stripes from the fruitfull hand ;
 Thy father then shall be a father grand.
 For't was that time whenas their issues rare
 430 Good wives with sad tormenting pangs did bear.
My rape of Sabine maids was all in vain,
Cry'd Romulus, (This hapned in his reigne.)
If from my wrong not strength but strife is grown,
I had farre better let those Dames alone.
 A wood there grew to *Juno's* power divine,
 An ages growth, beneath mount *F.squiline*.
 Both men and women, all convented hither,
 Right humbly fall down on their knees together.
 Lo, suddenly the tops of trees did quake,
 440 And in her grove strange things the Goddesse spake;

're *Latine Dames*, cries she, apply a Goat.
 All stood amaz'd at that ambiguous note.
 There was a *Soothsayer* (time conceals his name)
 Who newly banish'd, from *Hetruria* came :
 He kills a goat : the women, as was will'd,
 To th' goat-thong-lashes their bare backs did yield.
 Ten times the Moon her waned light did gather,
 The wife's a mother, and the man a father.
 Thanks, O *Lucina* ! thee thy grove thus styl'd,
 Or 'cause thou first giv'st light to every child.
 O spare, *Lucine* ; and when wives bellies swell,
 Bring their ripe burden eas'ly forth and well.
 When day appears, trust thou the winds no more :
 That season hath deceitfull bin before.
 The wind's not certain, and for full six dayes
 King *Aeolus* his castle-gate displayes.
Aquarius with his stooping pitcher now
 Falls off, and *Phæbus* makes the Fishes glow.
 He and his brother (for joynt-stars they shine)
 Bare on their backs (they say) two Pow'rs divine.
 Done flying terrible *Typhone*,
 When *Jove* wag'd warre for heavens imperiall throne,
 Comes to *Euphrates* with her little sonne,
 And on the banks of *Palestine* sits down.
 Tall canes and poplars on the margent grew,
 And fallows hopes of her concealment shew.
 There hid, the trees did rustle in the wind :
 She pale with fear suppos'd her foes behind :
 And, in her bosome culling her young sonne,
 Cry'd, *Nymphs*, O aid two Deities undone !
 Thus leaps she in ; these Fishes her did bear :
 For which in heaven now deifi'd they are.
 Hence *Syrians* hate to eat that kind of Fishes :
 Nor is it fit to make their Gods their dishes.
 Next day is void. *Quirinus* he doth hold
 The third, whose name was *Romulus* of old :

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- Either because the *Sabines* old that spear
 Did *Quiris* call which him to heaven did rear ;
 Or his *Quirites* styl'd him thus their King ;
 480 Or cause the *Curets* he to *Rome* did bring.
 For when God *Mars* beheld new walls to stand,
 And great acts done by *Romulus* his hand,
 Great *Jove*, sayes he, the *Romanes* pow'rfull are ;
 And my own bloud bath in their deeds a share.
 Let me enjoy one *Sonne* ; the other's dead :
 Stand he in's own and in his brothers stead.
 You promis'd me one of those brothers you
 would raise to heaven : Be *Joves* word ever true.
Jove gave a grant, and with his beckon shak'd
 490 Both Poles : tall *Atlas* with his burden quak'd.
 There is a place call'd *Caprean* lake of old :
 There *Romulus* then chanc'd a court to hold,
 About sunne-set grosse clouds heavens face withdrew ;
 A showring storm doth instantly ensue.
 It thunder'd ; lightning cracks the heavens. All flie :
 The King on's fathers horses mounts the skie.
 The Lords all mourn for his supposed slaughter ;
 Which thought perhaps might have remain'd long after
 But *Julius Procul* from long *Alba* came ;
 500 The Moon-light scorn'd the use of torches flame :
 Lo, suddenly the left-hand-hedges quake :
 He with his hairs turn'd bolt-upright starts back.
Quirinus larger then a man, and fair
 In's *Consuls* robe, doth in the path appear ;
 Bid my *Quirites* not to mourn for me :
 Their tears, quoth he, disgrace my Deitie.
 Bring pious spice, and *Romulus* adore :
 And practice promesse with the *Romane* lore.
 This charg'd, he vanish'd into gloomy aire.
 510 He calls a court, and doth his charge declare,
 They build his temple, give the hill his name,
 And on set dayes adore him in the same.

Now learn thou why this day they also call
Fools-holy-day : the reason's apt, though small.
 There were no skilfull husbandmen of old :
 Our sturdy fathers toilsome warres did hold.
 The sword was then in more request then plow :
 Grounds unmanur'd small profit did allow.
 Yet did our ancients sow and mow some barley :
 Of barley *Ceres* had her first-fruits early.
 This on their hearths to mend the tast they dri'd :
 In which much losse for want of skill they bide.
 For sometimes they sweep up dead coals for corn ;
 Sometimes the fire their cottages did burn.
 Hence Goddesse *Fornax* came ; to whom the Boore
 Doth gladly pray his corn to dresse and cure.

520

Th' *Archcurate* then bids *Fornacalia*
 In form of words, but makes no Holy-day.
 And in the courts with marks for all mens view
 The pendent tables severall wards do shew.
 But simpler folk, who their own wards know not,
 The day's last part devote, the first forgot.

530

To Parents tombs now orisons they pay,
 And on friends urns some little offrings lay.
 Small things please Ghosts ; in *Styx* none greedy be :
 Gods for great gifts accept true piety.

A tilesherd cover'd with a flowry crown
 Sufficeth, with some salt and meal thrown down.
 Loose violets, corn steep'd in wine a while :
 Leave these i'th' mid-way heap'd upon a tile:
 More I forbid not ; yet thus pleas'd are they :
 And on built piles pray'rs and words suited say.

540

These rites *Aeneas*, piety's true mold,
 Brought into just King *Latine's* land of old.
 To fathers ghost he paid solemnities :
 Of whom our Countrey learn'd this pious guise.
 At while successours in long warres did blaze
 They quite neglected these Parentall dayes.

It cost them deare : For that offense (some tell)
 550 *Rome* all on fire from piles of dead men fell.
 Old fables bruit (but I can scarce believe it)
 At this did dead mens shapelesse ghosts much grieved
 Creep from their tombs and monefull howlings made
 About the streets and groves in nights dull shade.
 Thenceforth to tombs were due solemnities
 Restor'd; which ceas'd those ghostly prodigies.
 These dayes, young wives, keep from your bed-desires
 The marriage-lamp a purer time requires.
 And maids, in your fond mothers eyes so fair
 560 And wedlock-ripe, now lay you out no hair.
Hymen, put out thy lamps in these black dayes :
 The mournfull tombs have other lights to blaze.
 Let all the temples of the Gods be shut ;
 Nor fire nor incense on their altars put :
 For now the flitting souls of ancients dead
 Walk all about and feed on victuals spread.
 But these sad rites no further may extend
 Then till this month eleven dayes hath to end.
 The latter day, which to the Ghosts they pay,
 570 From bringing gifts is call'd *Feralia*.

Lo, now a grandame sits with maidens young,
 And worships *Silence* with no silent tongue.
 First in a mousehole on the groundsil she
 Three spice-grains layes tane up with fingers three.
 Then strings enchanted ty'd to lead doth hold,
 While seven blew beans about her mouth are roll'd.
 The head compact of mint and well bepitch'd
 She heats by th' fire, with brazen needle stitch'd :
 Then drops on wine ; the remnant in the cup
 580 She and her mates (yet she the most) drink up.
 Departing then, *W' have ty'd the tongues of foes,*
 She cries : then out in drunken garb she goes.
 You ask it may be what this *Muta* is ?
 List what I tell, an old mans tale I wis :

Iove deeply wounded in *Juturna's* love
 Endur'd much care, not fit for mighty *Jove*.
 She in the woods among the hawls lay,
 And sometimes in her kindred-springs would play.
 The Nymphs he summons that in *Latium* dwell,
 And to the quire his counsel thus doth tell ;
 Your sister-Nymph refuses (her own foe)
 Her greatest good, the greatest God to know.
 Befriend us both : for that which my great pleasure
 Will be, shall prove your sister's peerlesse treasure.
 When me she flies then stop her in a ring
 Upon the bank from leaping into spring.
 To him the Nymphs of *Ilia* divine
 Agreed, with all the quire of *Tyberine*.
 One maid there was call'd *Lara*, but of yore
 The former syllable was doubled o're.
 A vice her nam'd : Ofttimes cry'd *Almon* old,
 Wench hold thy tongue ; but yet she could not hold.
 To mate *Juturna's* spring she goes : Avoid
 The banks, sayes she ; and then *Joves* mind bewray'd :
 Then goes to *Juno*, pitying wives hard case ;
 Your *Jove*, quoth she, *Juturna* would embrace.
 Iove much inrag'd, the tongue she did imploy
 To ill takes from her : then calls *Mercury* ;
 Convey that wench to hell: hell fits the dumb :
 Let her, if Nymph, a Nymph of *Styx* become.
 His will's fulfill'd ; they come into a grove :
 Her keeper now with her doth fall in love.
 Who forces her : For words with looks she prayes,
 And with dumb tongue to plead in vain assayes.
 Conceiv'd, she brings two *Lares* forth: who guard
 Our streets, and houses ever watch and ward.
 Next day deare kinsmen do *Charistia* call.
 Now have we meetings in our houses all.
 For 't is meet time from friends laid in their urn
 On living kin our eye forthwith to turn ;

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And next those many whom black death hath slain
To count all ranks that of our blood remain.

Come loving kinsmen all, but spitefull brothers
Keep off from hence with all inhumane mothers ;

Who grieve at fathers or at mothers lives ;

The step-mother that with her step-child strives ;

Tantalian brothers, and *Medea* vile ;

And she that scorch'd the farmers seed i'th' soil ;

Tereus, and *Progne*, and mute *Philomel*,

630 And all that friends for gain do basely sell.

+ Kind kindred, spice to Gods ally'd now give ;

(This day meek Concord most of all doth thrive)

As symptomes of your love together feast,

And range your dishes neatly lawc'd and drest :

And when at night you go to sleep, all stand

To make a vow with luttier bowls in hand,

And mount this prayer, all drinking off the Health,
Heavens prosper us, and Cesar Romes chief wealth.

That night now past, the God that doth divide

640 Mens land possessions is solemnifi'd.

God *Terminus*, whether a Stone or Block,

Thou wert a God too with the ancient stock.

Two severall lords on severall parts thee crown,

And lay two garlands with two off'rings down.

An altar's rais'd : the Countrey-wife doth come

With fire brought in some broken pan from home.

Th' old man cuts wood and piles it up on high,

And sticks in boughs about the ground thereby ;

Then kindles up the fire with tinder fear :

650 His young sonne stands and holds the basket there.

Then when three grains he into fire doth fling,

His little daughter honycombs doth bring.

The rest hold wine : Each on the fire is laid :

The white-clad croud with joyfull voice applaud.

This God is sprinkled with a young lamb slain :

A sow-pig offer'd, he will not complain.

The homely neighbours feast with chear they bring,
 And, *Terminus*, thy sacred praises sing.
 Thou lands and cities and large realms dost bound :
 Without thee suitfull would be every ground.

660

From avarice and all ambition free
 Each tenement thou keepest faithfully.
 Hadst thou assign'd but that *Thyrean* plain,
 Three hundred men had not yerwhile bin slain ;
 Nor heaps of arms had crush'd *Otryad* brave :
 Oh what a floud of bloud his land he gave !

And when the royall *Capitol* was rais'd,
 All Gods to *Jove* gave way and were displac'd :
 But *Terminus* (sayes fame) being seated there
 Would not remove, but in *Joves* house hath share.

670

And now, lest ought but heaven he view, right over
 His head the roof is fram'd without a cover.

Since, *Terminus*, be thou by no means light,
 But keep the station where thou once art pight :
 And let no landlords tricks nor suits thee move,
 Lest thou preferre a man before great *Jove*.

And maugre thou art scratch'd with rake and plow,
 Cry, *This is yours, and this belongs to you.*

There is a way leads to *Laurentian* plain,
 Where once *Aneas* pitch'd with all his train :

680

There, on the sixth stone from the city, I
 To *Terminus* have seen sheeps fibres fric.

All other lands have certain limits given :

Our *Rome* with all the worlds wide room is even.

Now Muse relate the *Regifuge* ; the fame
 Of which the three and twentieth day did name.

King *Tarquine* did *Romes* Monarchy conclude,
 A valiant souldier, but a Prince most lewd.

Some cities had he captiv'd, some ras'd down,
 And by a wile the *Gabii* overthrown.

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For lo his young sonne and his own sonne right,
 Came into their focs garison by night.

They

- They drew their swords : cries he, *Me armlesse kill :*
This is my fathers and my brothers will,
 Who piteously have mangled me all o're :
 (For which pretense he had been lashed fore.)
 He's view'd by Moon-light : Up their swords they put
 And stripping him beheld his body cut :
 And weeping simply they his aid request
 700 In warre : He subtly promises his best.
 And now in pow'r he sends his father word,
 Fair way was made to put them all to th' sword.
 A garden stood with savoury flow'rs array'd,
 About the which a prattling current plaid :
 There *Tarquine* had this private news made known,
 And crops with wand the highest lilies down.
 The scout brings word, *He cropt the highest lilies :*
I know, saith *Sextus,* *what my fathers will is.*
 Forthwith the *Gabine* Captains all they slay,
 710 And *Romane* colours on the walls display.
 Behold a snake (most strange !) from th' altar crept,
 Which quench'd the fires and up the victuals slapt.
Apollo's sought to; whose reply was this,
He conquers who his mother first doth kisse.
 The company *Apollo*'s meaning mis'd :
 Each man ran hastly and his mother kiss'd.
Brute was a fools wise counterfeite, to free
 Himself from *Tarquines* direfull treacherie.
 He straight falls down, as stumbling with his feet,
 720 And with a kisse our mother Earth doth greet.
Romes conquering Eagles in the mean time over
 The city *Ardea* in a long siege hover.
 The foe, not daring battel, couch'd in forts :
 Our souldiers revel in their tents with sports.
 Young *Tarquine* makes a feast to all his lords :
 'Mongst whom in mirth he falls into these words ;
 Whiles in dull warre this *Ardea* us detains
 From carrying tropheys to our countrey-fanes,

Do any of our wives mind us? or are
 They carefull of us who for them take care?
 Each prais'd his own, and very earnest grow:
 The frolick bowls make lungs and tongues to glow.
 He starts Lord *Collatine*, *Few words are best*:
But come to triall; night's not yet deceast:
Mount we our steeds and to the citie all
 Crier. Content: They for their horses call;
 And straight were gallop'd by their speedy feet
 To th' royall court. No watch was in the street:
 Lo there the King's sonnes joviall wives they find
 With garlands crown'd, at midnight up, well win'd.
 Thence to fair *Lucrece* post they out of hand;
 By whose bed-side the wooll and baskets stand.
 As little lights their task her maidens spun:
 To whom she softly thus these words begun;
Maids, we must make (plie, plie your bus'nesse faster)
A coat to send in hast unto your master.
What news heare you? for more then I you heare:
How long will't be e're warres be ended there?
Will, Ardea, thou that keep'st our Lords from home,
Thy betters thou affront'st, thy fall will come.
But they but safe! but my Lords blood's so high,
That with his sword he anywhere doth flie.
My heart doth fail quite chill'd with frozen fear
When-e're I think of his encounters there.
 Tears were the period: She lets fall her thread,
 And in her bosome hangeth down her head.
 This was a grace; her tears became her well:
 Her beauty was her minds true parallel.
 Her not, *sweet wife*; *I'm come*, cries he. She meets
 And hangs on's neck, a burden full of sweets.
 Meanwhile the young Prince furiall lust doth move;
 His boyling spirits are fir'd in secret love.
 Her lillie-skin, her gold-deluding tresses,
 Her native splendour slighting art him pleases.

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760

Her

- Her voice, her stainlesse modesty h' admires :
 And hope's decay still strengthens his desires.
 Day's horn-mouth'd harbinger proclaim'd the morne
 The frolick gallants to their tents return.
 His mazing fantasie on her picture roves ;
 770 The more he muses still the more he loves :
Thus did she sit, thus drest, thus did she spin,
Thus plaid her hair upon her necks white skin ;
These looks she had, these rosie words still'd from her ;
This eye, this cheek, these blushes did become her.
 As billows fall down after some great blast,
 Yet make some swelling when the wind is past :
 So though her person from his sight was tane,
 Yet did that love her person bred remain.
 He burns ; and prick'd with spurs of basest lust,
 780 Against her chaste bed plots attempts unjust.
Th' event's ambiguous, yet we'll thoroughly try't :
That she shall see. Fate helps the vent'rous sprite.
we slav'd the Gabines by a daring deed.
 Thus girts he on his sword and mounts his steed.
 Into *Collatia's* brasen ports he came
 About the time *Sol* hides his glowing flame.
 A foe the Court doth enter as a friend,
 And there was welcome : For they were akind.
 Ah blind mankind! she thinking nought, good wom
 790 Provides good chear to entertain her foeman.
 The supper's ended : time to sleep invites ;
 In all the housen now are seen no lights.
 Up starts he, and draws forth his gilded blade,
 And chaste *Lucretia's* chamber doth invade.
 Laid on the bed ; *Lucretia, no deniall :*
Here is my sword : I'm Tarquine of bloud royall.
 Nought she replies; nor had she power to say
 Or plead, but stupid and quite senselesse lay.
 And like a lamb that from the sheepfold rambles,
 800 Now caught in claws of ravening wolf, she trembles

What dares she ? fight ? ah, he could overmatch her !
 Out ? alas ! his sword would soon dispatch her.
 How ? his arm is link'd about her waist :
 Her waist then first by strangers hand embrac'd !
 The Lecher pleads with profers, threats, intreats :
 She's no whit mov'd with gifts, intreats, nor threats,
 And, or I'll damne thee for a whore, cries he,
 And thee accuse for base adulterie :

I'll kill the man, with whom I'll bruitt thy shame.

She yielded, conquer'd by the fear of fame.

810

Why triumph'st thou ? thy conquest is thy fall :

Ah, what a price bought'st thou that night withall !

Now day appear'd : with scatter'd hairs she lies,

As doth a mother when her deare sonne dies.

For her old father and deare husband home

She sends : To her without delay they come.

Whose grief they seeing ask the cause of it,

Whom the laments, and with what evil smit.

She veils her modest face, nor any thing

Would utter ; tears as from a fountain spring.

820

Her sire, her husband comfort her sad tears,

Pray her to speak, and weep in hidden fears.

Thrice she assay'd to speak, thrice stopt ; yet tries

Once more, but shamed to lift up her eyes.

Will we ow Tarquine this too ? ah ! shall I,

Will I here publish my own infamie ?

Something she tells, and for the period weeps,

And her grave cheeks in pure vermilion steep.

They both forgive her forc'd adultery.

What pardon you give, I, cries she, deny.

830

With her self she stabs with hidden knife,

And at their feet pow'rs forth her crimson life ;

And even in Fate's last act, as she did die,

Express'd a care to fall with modestie.

Her Sire, her Lord self-carelesse both fall down,

And o're her corps their common losse bemone.

Brute

- Brute* came, whose mind at length his name deceiv'd,
 And from her dying breast the knife repriev'd:
 There holds it spuing of her noble bloud,
 840 And dauntlesse threatnings breath'd forth as he stood:
By this chaste noble bloud I vow to thee
And thy dear ghost, which as my God shall be,
Proud Tarquine with his seed for this shall pay:
No longer I the counterfeite will play.
 She at his words her sightlesse eyes doth move,
 And shook her head as seeming to approve.
 The manly matrone's exequies are done,
 Endow'd with tears and emulation.
 The wound lies open: *Brute* calls all the States,
 850 And to their ears the Kings base act relates.
 Proud *Tarquine's* house all flie. Two Consuls sway:
 And that became the last *Monarchick* day.
 Hark, heare the Swallow, herald of the Spring,
 Adieu to Winter chearfully doth sing.
 Yet, *Progne*, thou of hast dost oft complain:
 Thy husband *Tereus* joyes at thy chill'd pain.
 Now two dayes of this month are still behind:
 To *Martiall* chariots are the race-horse joyn'd.
 Which games from thence are call'd *Equiria*:
 860 *Mars* in his field spectatour is that day.
 Hail, welcome *Mars*; thy time a place doth claim:
 The month's at hand that's honour'd by thy name.
 Now strike we sail: Our Month and Book both done
 My boat shall in another chanel run.

The end of the second Book.

VIDS FESTIVALLS:

OR,

ROMANE CALENDAR.

The third Book;

or,

MARCH.

The Argument.

THe Martiall Princes birth and pedigree.
 This Month's Protectour, and prioritie.
 Why women sacrifice to Mars do bring.
 And why the Salii do Mamurius sing.
 The Pontificall title. And Vejove.
 The Gorgon courser. And Lyæus love.
 More Horse-races. Perennall Anna's rites.
 Th' old wife to Bacchus-hony-cakes invites.
 Games in the honour of th' Athenian Dame.
 Now blazing Phœbus backs the Phryxean Ram.

MAn-slaughtering Mavors, cast aside thy
 spear,
 Thy shield, and helmet, and a while draw
 near. (make the Muses ?
 Perchance thou'lt say, *With Mars what*
 is Month we sing his name from thee deduces.
 Thou seest *Minerva* hath her bloody fights;
 She sometimes in liberall arts delights.
 Be thou, as *Pallas*, some void time assign'd:
 Out of arms thou maist imployment find.
 Thou armelesse to the *Romane Nunne* didst come,
 Layd'st in her the royall seeds of *Rome*.

Nun

- Nun Sylvia* (here our fail we hoise) something
 To wath, i'th' morning went unto the spring.
 Now when she came unto the wriggling brook,
 Her earthen pitcher from her head she took.
 There tricking up her flowing hair she sits,
 And amorous aire to her bare breasts admits.
 The streams soft musick, and the plumy quire,
 With chearfull shades egg'd on a sleeps desire.
 Inveigling sleep creeps on her yielding eyes,
 20 Her hand slips down on which her cheek relies.
Mars sees and lusts, and in his lust doth speed,
 And cunningly conceals his juggling deed.
 She wakes conceiv'd, and in her pregnant womb
 Contains the Founder of imperiall Rome.
 She rises faint, but did not know the cause;
 And leaning to a tree she makes this pause;
 Pray heaven this dream doth happy fortune bring
 And good betide; Or is't some higher thing?
 Me thoughts my garland, as I stood beside
 30 My Lady's altar, from my head did slide.
 From which two palms alike, (a wondrous thing!)
 Yet one of them more eminent, did spring;
 whose fertile branches all the earth o're spread,
 And reach'd the welkin with their mounting head:
 when lo, my uncle fain would them have cropt,
 Smit at the sight, my heart for terror hop't:
 A Pie *Mars* bird, a wolftroo having young
 Did take their parts, and rescu'd both from wrong.
 This said, she weakly up her pot doth take
 40 With water fill'd; she fill'd it as she spake.
 Time runs on; *Romulus* and *Remus* breed;
 Her belly's swell'd up with celestiall seed.
 Now had the God whose rayes the world unmask
 Two signes remaining of his yearly task;
 The Maid's a Mother. *Vesta's* statue sham'd
 With virgin-hands did veil her face; ('Tis fam'd

The altars trembled as her pangs began ;
 The frighted flames beneath the ashes ran.
 To tyrannous *Amulius* this made known,
 Who had usurp'd his brothers wealth and crown :
 He gives command to drown the Brats. The flood
 Abhorres the deed, and sets them on the mud.
 'T is known, these Infants suck'd a wild-beasts teat;
 And that a Pie did daily bring them meat.
 Thee, Nurse *Laurentia*, I will not passe by,
 Nor, *Faustulus*, thy plain rusticity :
 The *Laurentalian* feasts shall sound your praise,
 Kept in *Decembers* joviall-geniall dayes.
 These sonnes of *Mars* to mans estate now grown,
 On whose fair chins did bud the silken down ;
 The husbandmen and shepherds round about
 To them for justice, in contention, sought.
 Out came they home all drench'd with robbers blouds ;
 And seiz'd their cattels as their proper goods.
 Their pedigree's made known: *Mars* rais'd their spirits:
 Installs now scorn'd they to enlarge their merits.
Amulius falls by *Romulus* his sword :
 And to his Grandfire is the realm restor'd.
 The wall is rais'd ; which though it were but small,
 'T was ill for *Remus* that he leap'd the wall.
 Where woods yerst grew, & beasts their dens did make,
 Lasting City rais'd, the Founder spake :
Mars-Arbitratour, of whose seed divine
 I sing, and will thereof give many a signe ;
 Thee will we begin our *Romane* yeare,
 Our first Month thy noble name shall wear.
 Word's made good : this Month he thus did call,
 Pleas'd his Father very well withall.
 Their forefathers *Mars* especially
 Ador'd, in honour of their Chivalry :
Athenians, *Pallas* ; *Creet*, *Diana's* Quire ;
Emnian Isle ador'd the God of Fire :

50

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80

Mycenians, Juno, and the Spartanes too :

And *Arcadie Pan* crown'd with pine-tree-bough :

Our *Latium* honour'd *Mars*, Warre's pow'rfull King :

Warres to our land both wealth and fame did bring.

Yea, if we read but forrein *Calendars*,

There we shall find a month surnam'd from *Mars*.

Faliscanes fifth month, and the *Albanes* third :

90 By *Hernians* 't is the sixth month register'd.

The *Aricinians*, and high *Tusculum*,

And *Albanes* all to one account do come.

The fierce *Æquicoli*'s tenth month it was :

Laurentians fifth ; the *Sabines* fourth in place.

Pelignian Nobles with those *Sabines* old

Consent, and this month for their fourth they hold.

But *Romulus*, to go beyond them all,

This his first month by's Fathers name did call.

Nor months so many had our ancestours

100 As we : their yeare fell short two months of ours.

Greece, then a well-learn'd but an ill-arm'd land,

No arts had yielded to the Conquerours hand.

The *Romane* art was all to fight and fense ;

To throw a dart, the onely eloquence.

What man the *Axle*, and two *Poles*, or *Hyades*,

Did know in those times, or old *Atlas Pleiades* ?

Who had the *Bears*, *Charls-wain* or *Dogs-tail* spi'd,

This *Sidon*'s Pilote, that the *Grecians* guide ?

That *Cynthia*'s chariot in a month doth run

110 Those signes which all the yeare do task the Sunne ?

Throughout the yeare starres notelesse rac'd and fr

Yet men were conscious of Divinity.

For signes of starres the signes of warres did they
Regard ; whose losse was shame and great dismay.

Which, though of hay, yet made as great a show

And were as dreadfull as our Eagles now.

They hung in bottles on a pole huge tall,

From whence our souldiers by that name we call.

Book 3. or *Romane Calendar.*

51

Thus learning-void and rude Antiquity
Did make their Lustres ten months lesse then wa.

120

Ten courses of the Moon a yeare was then :

Men much accounted of the number *Ten* ;

Either because we with ten fingers tell,

Or 'cause ten months a womans womb doth swell,

Or else because our digits reach to ten,

From whence our number is begun agen.

Thence *Romulus* did rank his centuries

By tens : Ten Pikemen to a rank did rise.

The Pileman and the Generall ten bands,

And he that did on horse-back serve, commands.

130

Ten companies he gave the *Tatians*,

Ten to the *Ramnes*, ten the *Lucerans*.

This usuall number kept he in his yeare :

Which time a widow mourning-weeds did wear.

And that this month (all question to remove)

Was first of old, plain arguments shall prove.

The *Flamens laurel*, hang'd up all yeare long,

Is now tane down, and fresh boughs up are hung.

The Royall Court is deck'd with Bay-boughs green :

The like before the Old-Court-Gate is seen.

140

The old dry Bayes from *Vesta's Trojane* fire

Are pull'd, and now she's prank'd in green attire :

Besides, fresh fuel in her inward shrine

Is kindled, and the fire renew'd doth shine.

'Tis no weak proof, that th' old yeare here began,

That we now adore *Perennall Anne*.

This month our Ancients chose their officers,

Still the perjur'd *Carthaginian's* warres.

Since, the fifth month hence we *Quintil* call ;

Since have the rest their numbers titles all.

150

Pompilius first from *Sabine* confines brought

Rome the error of two months found out :

Either by that twice-born *Pythagoras*,

From *Ageria* thus inform'd he was.

- Yet after him times still erroneous were,
 Untill reform'd by *Cesars* skilfull care.
 That God, the authour of so great a race,
 Did not account this task for him too base :
 But study'd to acquaint himself with heaven,
 160 And know that Court to him by promise given.
 He by exact accounts Day's golden King
 In his just time to every Signe did bring.
 His yeare had dayes three hundred sixty five ;
 And to the Leap-yeare one day more did give.
 Which piec'd-up day must to the Lustre come.
 This is the yeare's exactest count and summe.
 If Poets may (as fame abroad doth give)
 Some private notions from the Gods receive ;
Mars, tell me why thy feasts observed are
 170 By Wives, when thou art all for manly warre ?
 As thus I spake, *Mars* laid aside his shield ;
 But in his right hand still a javelin held :
 Lo I, the God of Warre, to Peace's gown
 Now first invited, march to tents unknown.
 Nor think I much some time here to bestow,
 Lest *Pallas* think she onely this can do.
 Thou studious Prophet of the *Romane* yeare,
 Learn thy desire, and these my sayings heare.
Rome's elements were at the first but small :
 180 Yet had that small great hopes of this great wall.
 Those walls for Founders were too large a room ;
 But yet too strait for Citizens to come.
 Ask you, where stood my Nephews Court of old ?
 That thatch there, made of straw and reed, behold.
 On locks of hay he laid his sleeping head :
 Yet heaven he mounted from that strawy bed.
 And now the *Romanes* name was spread and gone
 Beyond his place : nor had he wife or sonne.
 The fruitfull neighbours my poore race did flout ;
 190 And I ill authour of a stock was thought,

In dwelling in plain stalls, in tilling ground,
And feeding sheep more hurt then good was found.
Both birds and beasts do couple with their make;
Engendring fellows hath the basest snake.

In other lands each man enjoyes his woman:
But none these be to marry with the *Romane*.
I griev'd; and with my spirit endu'd my sonne;
Cease pray'rs (said I:) it must with arms be done.
Keep Consus feast: that day, in which his feast
You solemnize, he will suggest the rest.

200

The *Curets* and the rest rose up in storms:
Then first the father 'gainst the sonne took arms,
Now were the ravish'd almost mothers made:
The kindred-battel still is long delaid.
The wives assembled all to *Juno's* Fane:
To whom my daughter boldly thus began;
My ravish'd Mates, 't is all our case: behold,
We can no longer piously be cold.

The battel's pitch'd: Now choose for whom ye'll pray:
That side our fathers, this our husbands fray.
We now must widows or else orphans live.

210

To you I'll good and noble counsel give.
They took her counsel; and their hairs let down,
And mournfull bodies clad in mourning gown.
Now stood the bands, resolv'd for arms and harms,
Expecting signalls of the trump's alarms:

The wives came running, with their babies dear
Cull'd in their arms, amid the armies there.
As soon as e're they came amid the field,
With locks all torn and scatter'd, down they kneel'd.

220

The babes (as sensible) with moving cries
Hold out their little arms to grandsires eyes.
Those that could cri'd, *Ave*, presently:
Those that could not their mothers forc'd to crie.
Down fell their arms and anger; and, their swords
Up, they all shook hands in kind accords.

Each hugg'd his daughter, and his grandchild held
Upon his shield: the sweetest use of shield.

Thence *Sabine* wives no small advantage challenge

230 To keep a day to me on my first Calends:

Because on naked swords they venturing

Themselves, our warres to friendly peace did bring:

Or, 'cause Nun *Ilia* mother'd was by me,

The Mothers honour my solemnitie:

Or 'cause chill Winter now takes his farewell,

And *Sols* warm beams the languish'd snow expell:

Frost-barbed trees their opening leaves renew,

The widow'd vine-branch pearly buds doth shew:

The thrifty herb, within the ground long pent,

240 Into the aire now finds a private vent:

Now frolick cattel breed, and fields all yield;

And birds on boughs their fost'ring nests do build.

Good cause have Wives, who vows and vigour spend

Upon their young, my pregnant times to tend.

Besides on that hill where that Sonne of mine

Kept *Excubies*, thence called *Esquiline*,

The *Latine* wives this day (or I mistake)

A publick temple did to *Juno* make.

In brief, and not to load thy memorie

250 With many words, the plainest reason see;

My Mother loves them, therefore they frequent me:

This pious cause doth most of all content me. (make

Bring flow'rs, ye Dames; with flow'rs fresh garland

In flow'rs your Goddesse great delight doth take:

Say, *Thou* *Lucine* giv'st light to all our eyes:

Thou help'st the woman that in travail lies.

But let the big with loos'ned tresses pray,

So may her child more eas'ly come away.

Who tells me now why *Sali* in a ring

260 Dance with heaven's Buckler, and *Mamurius* sing?

Thou Nymph that *Dian's* grove and spring dost haue

King *Numa's* Wife, teach me: thy feast I chaunt.

A lake, much honour'd in religion stale,
 Begirt with woods, stands in th' *Arician* vale.
Hippolytus, whom frighted steeds did tear,
 Was hid herein : For whom no horse comes there.
 There tapes, on which are many tablets hung
 To this good Goddess, veil the hedges long.
 Ofttimes have women, mistresse of their vows,
 Brought hither lamps with wreaths about their brows, 270
 Men stout of hand and swift of foot are kings :
 Each king at last his mate to ruine brings.
 A giggling brook doth on much gravel fall :
 I oft have drunk there in a draught but small.
 Muse-lov'd *Ageria* yields those waters clear ;
 Who was king *Numa's* Wife and Counseller.
 She first the Peeres, too prone to live at odds,
 With laws did temper and the fear of Gods.
 Thence Laws (that Strength might not bear al the sway)
 Were made, and men their vows did purely pay. 280
 Wrath laid aside, most pow'rfull Peace became :
 Mongst Citizens a skirmish was a shame.
 At th' Altars fight the furious man was turn'd :
 And Wine and Wafers on the embers burn'd.
 Behold, Heavens Monarch lets his lightning flie
 Through crouding clouds, and rains the welkin drie.
 A flaming citie makes not such a blaze :
 The King and People stood in great amaze.
 The Nymph cries, *Thunder* (be n't too much afraid)
 Is placable : Jove's ire may be allay'd. 290
 Yet must the means from Faun and Picus come,
 Two Pow'rs that live within the lands of Rome :
 Let not without constraint : First catch them you,
 And bind them sure. And then she tells him how.
 A black grove stood beneath mount *Aventine*,
 At whose first sight you'd say, 'T is sure divine :
 Th' midst of which a pure perpetuall rill,
 Re-grown with mosse, from stony veins doth still.

- Here *Faun* and *Picus* us'd to drink. The King
 300 Come hither kills a sheep unto the Spring.
 There sets down wine perfum'd with spice, and then
 Takes up a cave in ambush with his men.
 The wood-Gods to their old wont came: the bowls
 They turn'd off, blithe, and quench'd their thirsty souls.
 Wine winneth rest. From's cave doth *Numa* creep,
 And bound them fast while they were fast asleep.
 They rais'd from rest, strive much themselves to free:
 The more they strive the more they gyved be.
Ye Gods, cries *Numa*, pardon my bold act:
 310 *Ye know't no wicked, though a subtle fact.*
Tell us which way may thunder be allaid.
 Thus *Numa*, *Faunus* shook his horns, and said,
 Great is thy question: we cannot aread
 This hard precept: our pow'r is limited.
 Grove-Gods are we; to us the rule is given
 But of vast Hills: Jove orders all in Heaven.
 Him you alone from heaven cannot call down:
 Perhaps you may when our direction's known.
 Thus *Faunus* said; and thus said *Picus* too.
 320 But yet, said *Picus*, first these cords undo.
 By speciall art Jove charmed (you shall see)
 Shall hither come: let *Styx* my witnesse be.
 Unbound, they teach them what to do, which way
 To draw down Jove, and what strange charms to say.
 We licence have to know; a pious pen
 May chaunt such rhythms unfit for other men.
 Jove is drawn down. Hence after-ages all
 In celebration him *Elicius* call.
 'T is said the tops of *Aventine* did move;
 330 The earth shrunk down press'd with the weight of Jove
 King *Numa* quak'd at heart: his bloud affright
 Ran from his veins: his hair stood bolt upright.
 Come to himself, Great King of heaven, cries he,
 Inform's how thunder may appeased be:

*If we frequent thine altars with pure hand ;
 If our petition may with piety stand.
 Jove yields ; but yet doth in short riddles blind
 The truth, and with dark doubts distracts his mind.
 Cut off a Head, cries he. — It shall be done,
 Replies the King : I'll cut an Onyon.
 Of Man, saies Jove : — I'll take the hair, he cries.
 The soul, quoth Jove. He, Of a Fish, replies.
 Jove smiles : O Man that canst discourse endure
 With Gods ! do this : this will my thunder cure.
 But when to morrow's Sunne is rais'd full-fac'd,
 A pledge I'll give thee that thy realm shall last.
 This said, he mounted with a mighty thunder
 Th' acquainted heavens, and left the King in wonder :
 Who streight returns with joy, and tells his Lords
 The passages. They scarce believe his words.
 But ye'll believe it if th' event proves true :
 Mark what, sayes he, to morrow will ensue.
 So soon as Sol to morrow leaves the land,
 Jove gives a pledge that this our realm shall stand.
 All doubtfull part. The promise seems too farre.
 The day appears. Their faiths suspended are.
 The ground was soft, with drops of pearl bedew'd :
 To Numa's gate there flocks a multitude.
 Forth comes the King, and takes his maple-throne :
 A mighty crowd, all whist, about him run.
 The Sunne appears but onely on his brim :
 Twixt hopes and fears their beating spirits swim.
 His head with white veil cover'd, up he stands,
 And lifts to heaven his God-familiar hands.
 This is the houre of that thy promis'd signe,
 At Jove, cries he, confirm those words of thine.
 Thus he pray'd the Sunne was fully rais'd ;
 Three cracks of thunder through the heavens were nois'd.
 Thrice in clear aire he roar'd ; thrice did he fling
 Bolts. Believe me, though a wondrous thing.
 Echold,*

340

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360

370

Behold, the heaven just in the midst doth ope !
 Down to the ground both Prince and People stoop.
 A shield from thence, turn'd with a gentle gale,
 Falls down. A shout the welkin clear doth scale.
 He takes it up, a bullock first knock'd down
 Whose youthfull neck a yoke had never known.
 'T is call'd *Ancile*, 'cause it was par'd round
 About the brims; no corners to be found.

Then, knowing that his kingdoms fate did lie
 380 In that, by counsel of great policie,
 Of shields like-shap'd he bids to make a dozen,
 That so an error might the couzener couzen.

Mamurius, a man of great desert
 As well for manners as his manuell art,
 Perform'd this work. To whom the bounteous King
 As I am true, 't is thine ; ask any thing.

Now he from dancing had the *Salii* nam'd ;
 Their Arms appointed, and their *Canto's* fram'd.
Mamurius said, I ask no meed but fame :

390 At their Songs end let them but sing my name.

From thence those Priests perform King *Numa's* grace
 To that old merit, and *Mamurius* chaunt.

Would any marry ? Though you both make speed
 Deferre't : small stay sometimes great good doth breed
 Arms cause a strife ; strife wedlock should abhorre ;
 The time's more fit when th' are laid up therefore.
Jove's Flamen's wife, till these dayes be expir'd,
 Must also go undress'd and unattir'd.

Now, when this Months third night from heaven
 400 One of the *Fishes* is not seen at all.

Two Twins they be : this to the South inclin'd,
 That to the North ; both nam'd from either wind.

When *Tithon's* Bride her tulip-cheeks bedews ;
 And from the Orient porch the fifth day shews.
 Whether the *Bear-herd* or the *Car-man* flow,
 He dives the waves, and will no fight allow.

It may we still behold the *Vintager* :
 I briefly sing the reason of this Starre.
 Young *Bacchus* once lov'd hairy *Ampelon*
 Or *Ismarus*, a Nymph and Satyr's sonne.
 To him his Elm-enamour'd Vine he gives
 To keep, which vine its name from him receives.
 He falls down dead by climbing ventrously
 For ripened grapes : Whom *Bacchus* fix'd in sky.
 When next day's *Phæbus* steep *Olympus* scales,
 And up the hill his winged race-horse hales,
 You that adore chaste *Vesta's* shrine, now joy,
 And incense heap upon the fires of *Troy*.
 Now *Cæsars* endlesse styles, which he counts little,
 Gift, receiv'd their *Pontificiall* title.
 Small *Cæsars* Deitie doth cure
 Small Fires, his Kingdome's pledge most sure.
Trojane Gods, your Porters worthy prey,
 Which grave *Aeneas* kept from hostile lay ;
 Priest, from that *Aeneas* sprung, doth tend
 Your hearth. O *Vesta*, his dear life defend.
 Long ye Fires fed by his hand divine :
 Your flame his fame shall unextinguish'd shine.
 One note's in *Marches* Nones : 'Twixt those two
 Now hallow'd was the Temple call'd *Veioves*. (groves 430
 When *Romulus* his rock-girt grove had ended,
 He, who hither flies shall be defended.
 Grew the *Romans* ! from what small foundation !
 Clear of envy was that ancient nation !
 If this mystick name thou dost not know,
 (Who this God is, and why called so.
Jove is young : behold his youthfull parts !
 Hold his hand devoid of thunder-darts !
 When those bold Giants would the heavens have pierc'd,
Jove took arms ; who was unarm'd at first. 440
 On *Pelion*, *Ossa* and *Olympus* toild
 His vast load, in new fire-volleys boild.

The

The Goat stands by which did allow her tear :
 The *Cretane* Maids the Infant fed with meat.
 But for the Name: *Vegrandia* farmers call
 Their ill-thriv'n corn ; and *Vesca*, kernells small.
 If this the word imports, as well may I
 The name *Vejove* to little *Jove* apply.

Now when the starres embosse the gaudy sphere,
 450 Look up and see the *Gorgon* Courser there.
 From pregnant neck of wild *Medusa* slain
 ('T is said) he leap'd out with a bloody mane.
 Heaven was his footing, and his feet his wings,
 Whiles 'twixt the skie and ruffled clouds he springs.
 Then first a bridle curb'd his nostrils fell,
 When his light foot digg'd up th' *Aonian* well.
 Now heaven he holds, which oft his wings had mount
 In whose possession fifteen starres are counted.

Next night thou *Ariadne's* Crown mayst see
 460 Install'd Divine by *Theseus* perjurie.
 Now she that gave her thanklesse Love the thred,
 Had chang'd for *Bacchus* that perjurious bed :
 Joy'd in her match, Fool that I was to mourn :
 'T is my advantage that he prov'd forsworn.
 The long-lock'd *Indians Liber* i'th' mean time
 Subdu'd, and came enrich'd from th' Eastern clime.
 Among the captive Maids which did excell
 In beauty he the Princesse lov'd too well.

His Wife bewails, and, wandring on the shore
 470 With scatter'd hairs, her case doth thus deplore ;
 Once more, ye waves, heare my old mournfull cares :
 Once more, ye sands, swim in a floud of tears.
 I *Theseus* once accus'd for perjurie :
 He's gone ; and *Bacchus* proves as false as he.
 Once more I cry, No Woman trust a Man :
 In change of names my act is new begun.
 Oh, that my fate had its first course held on !
 Now had my essence with my woes been done.

Why didst thou, Liber, me from dying save?
 Why sorrows then but one release did crave.
 O light Bacchus, lighter then thy brow-bound leaves!
 O Bacchus, known, but to my tears and griefs!
 Why hast thou brought before my nose a whore
 To vex a bed so well compos'd before?
 Ah! where's thy faith? those solemn vows indented?
 Ah me? how oft have I these Dirges vented!
 Thou blamedst Theseus, and him false didst style:
 In thine own judgement thou art farre more vile.
 In secret griefs I burn, and dare not tell:
 Let it be thought I am thus oft serv'd well.
 Let not Theseus know't, of all; lest he
 Triumph the more in thy societie.
 Perhaps her white complexion you preferre
 Before my tann'd: that colour be to her.
 But what's all this? She's lik'd the better in
 Her black defects: take heed she stains thy skin.
 O keep thy vow; nor strangers beds approve
 Before thy wife's! A man I e're did love.
 The white Bull's horns my mother caught; thine, me:
 And this thy base love wounds me heavily.
 Take not my love my bane: thine did not prove
 When to me thy self confess'd thy love.
 Thou burn'st me; 't is not strange: Thou wert conceiv'd
 From fire; from fire by Fathers band repriv'd.
 O me, O Bacchus, thou betrothedst Heaven:
 O me! for heaven what dowries here are given!
 O minded. Bacchus all the while did mind her
 Menting, as by chance he came behind her.
 He slips her waist, and tears with kisses dries:
 O both, quoth he, together mount the skies.
 Our beds are one, our names shall be the same:
 O Libera shall be thy changed name.
 A crown with thee a monument shall be:
 O Vulcane gave to Venus, she to thee.

480

490

500

510

This

This said, her pearls to stars in number nine
He chang'd ; with which she now in gold doth shine.

When that swift Coach which purple Day doth guide
Six Suns hath hurry'd through the Welkin wide,
More Horse-races in *Mars* his flow'ry green,
520 Which wriggling *Tyber* laves, are to be seen.
But if the river overflows the place,
Then smouldry *Caelius* entertains the Race.

Perennal Anna's geniall feast in th' Ides
Is kept hard by where forrein *Tyber* slides.
All sorts together flock ; and on the ground
Displaid, each marrow by his make drinks round.

Some sit in open aire ; some build their tents ;
And some themselves in branchy arbours fense.
For solid beams some stick in canes, and over
530 Their heads spread cloaks and blankets for a cover.

Yet Sunne and Wine inflames. They drink by tale ;
And for each bowl pray for a whole-yeare-hail.
Some tipplers there will drink to *Nestors* time,
And with their cups to *Sibyll's* yeares will climb :
There what is learn'd upon the stage each chaunts,
And hands full nimbly to their numbers dance.

Bowls set aside, each with his trick'd-up Lasse,
Whose hairs are lool'ned, trips it on the grasse.
As home they come they stagger, view'd of all
540 The town for sport, which them doth happy call.
Yerwhile I met this pomp ('t is worth the reading)
An old wife drunk her drunken husband leading.
But what she is (because reports thus flit)
In telling I no fable will omit.

Sad *Dido* in *Aneas* love yerwhile
Was burn'd, and burn'd upon her fate-built pile.
Her ashes urn'd, and on her marble chest
That verse engrav'n, made by her dying breast ;

HERE LIES QUEEN DIDO BY HER OVVN

KILL'D :

DEA

DEATH'S CAUSE AND WEAPON DID ÆNEAS
YIELD.

550

Amidians streight fans let the realm invade :
Phas Lord of captive walls is made.
 Who, thinking of her old contempt, *Now see,*
Her bed is mine, though not her self, quoth he.
 The *Tyrians* flie, each as his fortunes led ;
 And bees do wander when their king is dead.
 Three crops to th' barn the barbed fields did yield ;
 Three vintages had fuming hogsheads fill'd :
 Pore *Anna* is expell'd ; and weeping flies
 Her Sister's walls : first payes her obsequies.
 The ashes soft drink up her oyl mix'd-tears,
 And entertain her sacrificed hairs.

560

Thrice did she kisse the urn ; thrice cry'd, *Farewell*.
 Her Sister seem'd to her as sensible.
 Ship and mates tane up, she sails on clear,
 Those walls review'd, her Sisters fabrick dear.
 Are lean *Cosyra* lies a fertil seat,
Melite, which *Libyan* surges beat.

Where *Battus* reign'd, whose stores much wealth did fill. 570
 He pitch'd she, trusting in his old good will.
 On hearing of these Sisters fates, *This land*,
 He, *what-ever, is at thy command*.

And this had lasted to the utmost houre,
 And he not fear'd *Pygmalions* armed power.
 Thrice through the *Zodiack Sol* had run his race :
 Now must seek another exile-place.
 Her brother arm'd there claims her : *Battus* he
 Horrouring warres, and weak, said, *Scape thou free*.
 Her ship she yields to wind and sea in flight :
 Sea so cruel as her brothers spite.

580

Her stony *Cratis* fishie rivers lies
 A little ground, there called *Cameres*.
 'Tis this their ship was bound. And now they came
 Within nine furlongs of their wished aim :

Sails

- Sails struck, they fall in uncertain gales.
Fall, cries the Pilote, *to your oars for sails*.
 And while to hale their tackling down they hast,
 Their ship is smitten with a thwarting blast.
 In spite of Pilote's pow'r or skill it flies
 590 Into the main : the shore forsakes their eyes.
 Up start the waves ; and up-side down they wallow :
 The leaking keel the foming streams doth swallow.
 Winds *Non-plus* Art. The Pilote now is prest
 To use, for rudder pray'rs with all the rest.
 The *Tyrian Exul* wanders up and down
 The waves, her apron o're her moist eyes thrown.
 That time first *Dido*, and all those that were
 Intomb'd in earth, were *Happy* call'd by her.
 The ship is hurry'd to the *Latine* ground,
 600 And all aland is swallow'd up and drown'd.
 Now good *Aeneas* with his Wife and throne
 Had well increas'd and made two peoples one.
 Whiles with *Achates* on his land desir'd
 He walked barefoot in a path retir'd,
 He spies *Anne* wandring, nor could think 't was she:
 What cause should bring her into *Italie*?
 While thus he mus'd, 'T is *Anne*, *Achates* cries.
 She at her name lifts up her mournfull eyes.
 Oh ! should she flie ? or how ? what cave at hand ?
 610 Before her eyes her Sisters fate doth stand.
 She known, the Lord accosts her in her fears ;
 Yet at the thought of *Dido's* death sheds tears :
Anne, I protest by this Land, which of late
 Thou oft didst heare was given me by kind fate ;
 By my associate. Gods upon this bay
 New plac'd ; they often chid my slow delay.
 Nor could I dream that death pursu'd her grief.
 Ah me ! her courage was beyond belief.
 Relate thou nothing : Those unworthy wounds
 620 I saw, whenas I walk'd the Stygian bounds.

thou, did Will or Fortune thee here bord,
 Partake of all my kingdome can afford.
 Much thou, the utmost Dido's merits make:
 Welcome for thine and for thy Sisters sake.
 To his kind love (nor comfort had she else)
 She yields her self; and all her fortune tells.
 The Court now entred in her Tyrian weeds;
 The rest all whilst, *Aneas* thus proceeds,
 Cause have I, sweet wife, to bring to thee
 My Queen: in shipwrack she relieved me.
 Tyrian born: Her walls in Libya were.
 May affect her as a Sister dear.
 Minia promis'd; and her forged wound
 Secret lodg'd, her jealousy doth drownd.
 Me, seeing tokens sent before her eyes,
 More suspects in subtile secrecies.
 Vex'd with doubt, she hates her like a fiend,
 Plots how with revenge to work her end.
 Night, lo, *Dido* with befoiled hairs
 Fore *Ann's* bed all smear'd with blood appears;
 Sister; use this sullen house no more:
 Not. Thus speaking, th' aire did turn the doore.
 Starts she, and as nimbly as she could
 Cries down the window low: fear made her bold.
 Slowing'd with terrour, in her tuck'd-up coat
 Like a roe that hears the wolf's hoarse note.
 Horny-brow'd *Numicius* (it is said)
 Led up in's stream and to his spring convey'd.
 Day lost *Anne* with calls and cries each-where
 Night: th' impression of her feet appear.
 To the banks, her footsteps there are seen.
 Conscious stream his murmuring noise held in.
 M'd to speak; *Numicius Nymph* I live here:
 All *Anne* of this Perennall River.
 At least they in those wandred fields with joy;
 Appl'ing chear their spirits and the day.

630

640

650

- Some think her *Luna*, of whose months yeares growe
 Some say she's *Themis* ; some, th' *Inachian* Cow :
 Some one of *Atlas* daughters her would prove,
 660 And that she first gave food to sucking *Jove*.
 Besides, a story I have read, which you
 Shall heare rehears'd : nor doth it seem untrue.
 Th' old Commons once, without their Tribunes still,
 Fled, and so pitch'd upon the Holy hill.
 Now was their meat and usefull corn all spent,
 Which they had carry'd when they thither went.
 An old wife *Anne* liv'd in a suburb-stall ;
 A thrifty houswife, though her means were small :
 She, in a hood her gray hairs having dres'd,
 670 Made countrey-Cymnells with her palsie-fist ;
 And dealt each day her dole to all men there
 Hot from the oven ; wherewith refresh'd they were.
 Peace made at home, the people did erect her
 For this kind office a *Perennall* picture.
 Now heare the reason why the maids in throngs
 Between themselves sing certain wanton songs.
Mars comes to *Anne*, a Goddesse newly made,
 And taking her aside thus to her said,
 My month thee worships ; my own times I've joyn'd
 680 To thine ; great hopes on thy good will I bind.
 I King of warres with *Pallas* warres great *Queen*
 Am fall'n in love, and long inflam'd have been.
 Kind Soul, this office well becomes thee : see
 If thou canst win my mate to wed to me.
 With promise feign'd she yields to what he sayes,
 And feeds his foolish hopes with long delays.
 At length he urg'd : w' have done't ; she's won, crie
 And much ado hath given her hand to me.
 He credulous his chamber beautifi'd :
 690 *Anne* veil'd is led in like a youthfull bride.
 About to kisse her, *Anne* he doth descry.
 Both shame and anger do his visage dye.

Deare *Pallas* Sweet-heart this fresh-Goddesse gull'd :
 No action better please Dame *Venus* could.
 For this old jests and songs obscene they chaunt :
 Her jest on that great God is now her vaunt.

I thought t' have pass'd the Emperours Murder by ;
 When from her hearth thus *Vesta* did apply :

Fear not to mention it : he was my Priest :

Those sacrilegious arms did me arrest.

I caught him thence, and left his picture bare :

'T was Cæsars shape those weapons dire did tear.

He, plac'd in heaven, admires Jove's Court of gold :

And in the Great Street doth a temple hold.

*But those, who dar'd against the Gods, and did
 That act, defil'd his Pontificall head.*

Just death rewards them : Let Philippi shew,

And those whose scattered bones the ground do strew.

'T was Cæsars work, his piety, his first grounds,

To justly vindicate his Fathers wounds.

When next *Aurora* dewes the meadows green,
 The dreadfull *Scorpions* cleyes are to be seen.

The Ides third day doth *Bacchus* service bring :
 Assist me, *Bacchus*, while thy rites I sing.

I sing not *Semele*, to whom if *Jove*

Had not come arm'd, thy name but small might prove :

Nor thee, an *Embryon* in thy Fathers thigh

Inclos'd, to grow to full maturitie.

Sithonians and thy *Scythian* triumphs fam'd

I passe, with *Indians* or *Arabians* tam'd :

Or *Pentheus* torn by mothers cruelty :

Or mad *Lycurgus* wounding of his knee.

Those *Tyrrhene* Pirates made Sea-monsters well

I might (but 't is not now my task) here tell.

My task is this : To shew th' originall

Why th' old wife neighbours to her cakes doth call.

Before thy time on hearths of Gods all cold

Grasse grew ; no honour did the Altars hold.

- Thou having *Ganges* and all *India* beat,
 730 Didst giue the first-fruits to thy Father great.
 Thou captive Spice and Incense sanctifi'dst,
 And first in triumph Bullocks entrails fry'dst.
 Hence from the Authour *Libum* takes the name,
 By consecrating part on holy flame.
 These Cakes are made to *Liber*, 'cause he lov'd
 Sweet iuyce, and Hony first of all improv'd.
 From sandy *Heber* with his Satyrs he
 Did walk. My tale shall not unpleasant be.
 To *Rhodope* and the *Pangean* Spring
 740 Being come, their cymbals all his followers ring.
 Lo, troups of bees with that shrill Musick charm'd
 Flie after, as the noise did lead, and swarm'd.
 These *Bacchus* gets and in a tree-stock hives,
 And so the glory of that gift receives.
 When bald *Silenus* and the *Satyrs* tasted,
 To seek bees nests about the groves they hasted.
 In hollow Elm th' old God a swarm doth heare,
 And sees the combs, but takes no notice there.
 Anon he comes and ties his lazy mate
 750 Fast to the Elm, as on his back he sate.
 Up clammers he, and on a green-bough stands,
 And to his booty thrusts his greedy hands.
 Out of the hole a thousand Hornets spring
 About his eares, and 's bald crown all besting.
 Down tumbles he: his Ass about him laid
 His heels: there lies he yawling out for aid.
 The *Satyrs* flock, and laugh their Sire to see
 With face swell'n up. He halts on's Ass-kick'd knee.
 The Wine-God laughs, and tells him mire is good
 760 Apply'd: He simply daubs his face with mud.
 Since, Hony is *Bacchus* due. A reaking Cake
 With Hony moistned to the God they make.
 Why Women deal therein, the reason's plain:
 His ivy-staff spurs up their frantick train.

Book 3. or *Romane Calendar*.

6

But why old Wives ? That age most bouzie proves,
And most of all the pleasing vine-juyce loves.

And why with Ivy dress'd ? This God that tree
Loves well. The reason straight shall render'd be.

The *Nysian* maidens Ivy-leaves about

His cradle hung, when him vex'd *Juno* sought.

770

Now must I shew why *Gowns of Libertie*

Are given to Striplings on thy feast-dayes free.

Because, fair *Bacchus*, thou art alwayes seen

A Boy, or Young man, or an age between :

Or 'cause, thou being a father, to thy care

All fathers do commend their children dear :

Or else because a gown and life more free

Is giv'n by thee, the God of *Libertie*.

Or, when old times the ground more earnest till'd,

And Senatours themselves wrought in their field :

780

When Plowmen oft did take a *Consuls* place ;

And thick-skinn'd hands were counted no disgrace :

The Countrey-folk to see these Games would make

To th' town ; yet for the Gods not pleasure's sake :

And *Liber*, who is now accompany'd

With *Ceres*, then these feasts alone enjoy'd :

Therefore, that more Youth might these games frequent,

It was then thought best to give this ornament.

Kind Sr, your head and gentle antlets vail,

And guide my fanisie with a prosperous gale.

790

On these two dayes (as I suppose) they go

To th' *Argive* Brothers, whom their Leaf will show.

The Puttock verges tow'rds *Lycaon's* Bear,

And on this night begins he to appear.

If you will know what him advanc'd to Heaven :

When *Saturn* from his throne by *Jove* was driven,

He in his rage the sturdy *Titans* arm'd,

And tries the aid the which the Fates had charm'd.

An earth-bred Monster was there, wonderfull,

Behind a Serpent but before a Bull.

800

This in a wood stern *Styx* inclos'd in three
 Huge bulwarks, by the triple Fates decree.
 Such was the fate : He that this Monster slew
 And burn'd the inwards, should the Gods subdue.
 This *Briareus* with Diamant-ax did foil,
 And was just now his guts about to broil :
Jove bids the Fowls to catch them up. The Kite
 Did his command, and so in heaven was pight.

- Next day but one *Minerva's* feast revives,
 810 The which from those five dayes the name derives.
 The first no bloud nor sword-play doth admit,
 Because *Minerva* was brought forth in it.
 The foure next dayes the scaffolds all are fill'd :
 This warlike Queen delights in weapons skill'd.
 Come Boyes and Maids, your gifts to *Pallas* bring :
 Her favour gives great skill in every thing.
 In *Pallas* favour let the Lasses learn
 To empty distaffs and to twist their yarn.
 She also learns to make the Shuttle play
 820 About the web, and how to fill the Stay.
 Fullers and Diers, give her honour both ;
 You that do white, and you that dye the cloth.
 No Shoemaker a shoe can fashion well
 Without her help, though *Tychius* he excell.
 He that *Epeus* shames in Carpentrie,
 Becomes a dunce if *Pallas* angry be.
 And you Physicians that diseases cure,
 Salute this Lady with some gifts of your.
 Dull Scholars curb'd in curst School-masters love,
 830 Your wits she quickens : honour her therefore :
 Ye that mete heaven, and ye that Pencils use ;
 And he that stones to curious statues hews.
 A thousand Arts she skills. She Verse doth favour :
 Inspire my song, if I may ask that favour.
 Where *Calvus* to a vale declineth prone ;
 The Vale's a level, yet no perfect one ;

There *Capt Minerva's* Chapell you may see,
To her devote on her Nativitie.

The reason's doubtfull : She's the Minerall
Of wit, which quick is called *Capitall* :

840

Or else because her Fathers aking head

Her arm'd with shield sans help of wife did shed :

Or 'cause she captiv'd with *Phaliscanes* came

To *Rome* ; the foremost letter shews the same :

Or else because her law is *capitall*

For sacrilege within her Temple-wall.

What-ever reason thee this name affords

Shall keep thy *Agis, Pallas*, for our Lords.

The last day bids to purge and round the green

With trumps, and offer to that warlike Queen.

850

Now may you lift your eyes to heaven, and say,

Go back'd the Phryxean wether yesterday.

The seeds all scorch'd by wicked *Ino's* wile,

No fruits would grow, as they were wont yerwhile :

A message is to *Delphian Tripos* sent,

To beg some help for souls with famine spent.

With the seeds corrupt, brought word ; *Fates* stand

Have both *Phryxus* and his *Sisters* bloud.

Time, People, *Ino*, all do urging stand

An abhorring King t' obey the sad command.

860

Phryxus and *Helle* crown'd with flow'rs stand by

The altars, moning their joynt-destiny.

Their Mother spies them, as in th' aire she hung ;

And hands against her frighted bosome flung :

Sheaps into *Thebes*, girt with a troupe of clouds,

And snatch'd her Children from amid the crouds.

And, for their flight, the *Ramme* with golden fleece

Is given to both ; which bears them o're the seas.

The fainting Maid with weak left-hand the *Ramme*

Guided by the horn, when she that Sea did name.

870

Her Brother, whiles he strain'd to help, and gave

His hand stretch'd to her, scarce himself could save.

He for his double-dangers-mate miscarry'd
 Laments, not knowing *Neptune* her had marry'd.
 Ashore, the *Ram* was to the heavens extoll'd;
 And *Colchus* kept his precious fleece of Gold.

When *Lucifer* hath thrice appear'd in heaven,
 The balanc'd howers of Night and Day are even.

Hence, when the Shepherd four times folds his flock
 880 And four times Earth bedews her pearly locks,
 Then *Janus* and *Rome's Safety* are ador'd,
 With Altar of mild *Peace* and meek *Concord*.

The Moon doth guide the Months: The Moon in firm
 Concludes this Month, ador'd on *Aventine*.

The end of the third Book.

OVIDS FESTIVALLS; OR, ROMANE CALENDAR.

The fourth Book ;

or,
APRIL.

The Argument.

THe pedigree of Romulus and Rome.
 Fair April's name from Venus fair doth come.
 Male Fortune's Incense. Atlas daughters rise.
 Grand Cybel's feasts. Nun Claudia testifies
 Her Chastity. Some Stage-games. Feasts divine
 To Ceres, and her search of Proserpine.
 A Fordy Cow is sacrific'd to Earth.
 Now glowing Sol on Taurus back rides forth.
 Palilia and Vinalia feasts. A pray'r
 To hurtfull Rust. A feast to Flora fair.


Alme Queen of payring Love, Assist, I cri'd :
 To me the streight her chearful eye appli'd,
 What news with you ? you had another
 strain :
 What ? touch'd, saith she, with your old
 wound again ?

Madame, said I, you know my wound. She smil'd :
 And straight that way the aire grew clear and mild.
 Sound or sore, I ne'r forsook thy tent :
 You art my daily task, my ornament.
 I lay'd my part throughout my youthfull prime :
 Now our quill a higher strain doth climb.

*Times with their causes pick'd from Annals old,
 Starres sets and risings doth our Muse unfold.
 We come to th' fourth month, which doth thee renown:
 You know, sweet Lady, Priest and Month's your own.
 The Goddesse pleas'd doth lightly touch my head
 With Myrtle-bough, and bade me still proceed.
 I felt the virtue: All things straight grew clear.
 Hoise up our sails then, while the wind blows fair.
 And, *Cæsar*, thou maintein' it as good a share*

20 *In April as in all the Calendar.*

*This Month descends to thee by pedigree;
 Thine by adoptive great-nobilitie.
 This *Romulus* knew when he did compound
 The yeare; and thence his Parents both renown'd.
 And as he gave to *Mars* the foremost place,
 Because he was next Authour of his race;
 So *Venus* many ranks before his mother
 He Mistresse made of this next following other.
 And turning o're Times rolls to find the ground
 30 *Of his descent, the Gods his Parents found.**

*Who knows not *Dardan* from *Electra*'s seed
 Did spring, whom she, conceiv'd by *Jove*, did breed?
 Hence *Erichthonius*, who begat King *Tros*
Assarac's Sire: hence *Capys* next arose.*

*The next *Anchises*, with whom *Venus* fair
 Did not disdain a Parent's name to bear.*

**Aeneas* next, whose Piety try'd in fire
 Brought severall Sacreds, both his Gods and Sire.
 Now come we to *Iulus* blessed name,*

40 *Where *Teucrian* Sages meet the *Julian* fame.*

*Next *Posthumus*, who was, being born among
 The woods, call'd *Sylvius* in the *Romane* tongue.*

*Another *Sylvius* of his father's name
 Joyn'd with *Aeneas*, from this *Sylvius* came.*

was *Latinus* father. *Alba's* time
 preceded his ; and *Epylus* next him :
 his man the names of *Troy* reviv'd again.
 then *Calpetus* his grandchild next did reigne.
 next *Tyberine* his father's throne imply'd ;
 who, drowned in the *Tuscane* river, dy'd :
 saw his sonne *Agrippa*, and grandchild
 in *Remulus*, who was with lightning kill'd.
 then *Aventine*, whose mount doth still maintein
 the name, succeeds. Next *Proca* took the reigne.
 next *Numitor* unjust *Amulius* brother,
 whose Wife was *Lausus* and Nun *Ilia's* mother.
Amulius Lausus slayes. *Mars Ilia* loves ;
 so big by him with those twin-brothers proves.
 hence *Romulus* alwayes for Parents chief
 and *Mars* and *Venus*, and deserves belief.
 that succeeding times might know the same,
 these Months he joyn'd in both his parents name.
 sure this name of *Venus*-month doth come
 in that *Greek* nown that notes the waters some.
 wonder we at this *Greek* word at all ;
 Italy old times Great *Greece* did call.
 he came *Evander* with his fleet well mann'd ;
 he came *Alcides* : both of *Grecia* land.
 the clubbed Pilgrime did his herd display
Aventine, and drank of *Albula*.
 yes too, the *Lestrygons* can tell,
 that same shore where *Circe* once did dwell.
 the walls of *Telegon* and *Tybur* stand
 extant, raised by a *Grecian* hand.
Ulysses, forc'd by *Atrides* fate, here came ;
 whom *Phaliscanes* did derive their name.
 nor too, who would *Troy's* peace have wonne :
Diomed Appulian Daunus Sonne.
 was late behind *Antenor* came,
 whother brought his Gods from th' *Ilian* flame.

50

60

70

Sr

Sr Solemus from *Phrygian Idatall*

80 Came in his train, who named *Sulmo's* wall :
Sweet *Sulmo's* wall, great Prince, my native land !
Ah me ! how distant from the *Scythian* sand !
Well, Muse, suppress these long complaints, nor
These sacred strains upon a mournfull string.

What will not Envy reach ? Some, *Venus*, would
From thee the honour of this month withhold.
For 'cause the season opens every thing,
Grosse cold departs, and plants begin to spring ;
From th' *Open* time they challenge *April's* name,
90 Which *Venus* with an earnest hand doth claim.
She pleasantly doth temper all the yeare,
And rule inferiour to no God doth bear :
She governs Heaven, and Earth, and native Seas,
And by her work mainteins each *Species* :
She all the Gods begat ('t were long to tell :)
And with warm seeds makes Herbs and Trees to
She brought rude men to one harmonious mind ;
And to his proper make each male she joyn'd.
What but soft Pleasure Birds to breed doth move
100 Nor would Beasts couple if there were no Love.
The surly Ram will with a Ram knock horns ;
But yet to hurt his lovely Ew he scorns.
The Bull, whose majesty doth aw the grove,
With smoothed brow doth gently woo his Love.
The same instinct doth guide marinall things,
Which fills with thousand fish the Water-springs.
She first Mankind's more savage life refin'd,
And first to comely habits men inclin'd.
A Lover in an ill-spced night his fate
110 First wail'd in verse at's Sweet-hearts bolted gate.
To woo his Wench Love made him eloquent :
And in his cause each man was excellent.
She hath discover'd thousand arts : Love did
Find many a notion which before lay hid.

then this Month to *Venus* dares refuse
 give? Avaunt that folly from our Muse!
 she, she is a generall Pow'r frequented
 in numerous Fanes: but most in *Rome* augmented.
 for thy *Troy*, O *Rome*, did weapons wear,
 in her soft hand was wounded with a spear.
 but two Ladies down (a *Trojane*, Judge :)
 may those twain not think of that old grudge!
Paris's daughter she became, that so
 at *Cæsar* might the *Julian* Fathers ow.
 can she have a fitter time then Spring,
 when earth grows gay, and jocund fields do sing.
 the heads of plants above the crack'd ground perk:
 the vine begets new pearls in swelling bark.
 in a season fits so fair a Queen;
 joynd with *Mars*, as she before hath been.
 now the wary Mariners calls down
 the brave seas, not fearing Winters frown.
 the time Maids and Wives, and all that wear
 will nor stole, adore this Goddesse fair.
 the golden fillets from white necks unbind:
 the flower's, and roses fresh be joynd.
 she invites with Myrtles veil'd to lave:
 the reason's certain that I have.
 dropping locks once on a bank she dry'd;
 when *Satyrs* her all naked spy'd:
 unknown, she with a myrtle hides her breast,
 as conceal'd. Which is by you exprest.
 when why ye Incense to *Male Fortune* bring,
 to the banks of *Tyber*'s gelid spring.
 the place receives you all stript to the skin,
 each defect in every part is seen.
Fortune, pleas'd but with a little spice,
 from your husbands all deformities.
 milk may ye and seeds of poppy grownd
 any squeez'd out of the comb compound.

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When *Venus* to her boorish Mate was led,
 She drank of this, and left her Maidenhead.
 With humble pray'rs adore her : She procures,
 That beauty, carriage, and good name endures.
 Through abstinence *Rome's* youth in time decay'd ;
 Our fathers search'd the old *Cumæan* Maid.

She bids a Chapell unto *Venus* build :

160 Which finish'd, *Venus* did her favour yield.

Sweet Queen, to thy Sonne's race thy kind eye bend
 Thus alwayes, and thy numerous Dames defend.

But see ! the *Scorpion* with his dreadfull tail
 Advanc'd, falls headlong to the waters pale.

This night once past ; when heaven is dy'd again
 With purple blush ; and dabbled birds complain :
 When watchfull travellers their lights half-burn'd
 Have quench'd ; and Peasants to their work return
 Old *Atlas* Daughters o're his head are mounted ;

170 Which are but six in sight, though seven accounted
 Because but six did match with Pow'rs Divine :

For *Sterope* (they say) with *Mars* did joyn ;
Neptune did *Alcyon* and *Celano* love ;
Taygeta, *May*, *Electra* lay with *Jove*.

With mortall *Sisyphus* match'd *Merope* :

For which she grieving loves obscuritie.

Or, at the ruines of her *Trojane* race

Electra griev'd, with hands did hide her face.

Thrice more let Heaven on constant axles come
 180 Let *Sol* thrice harnessse and knock off his horse :

Then straight the *Phrygian* Horn-pipe doth resound

Th' *Idean* Grandames feast is now renown'd.

Her eunuchs marching beat their tabrets hollow

From brasse-knock'd brasse a noise a noise doth

She, carry'd on her servants necks in pride,

About the streets is whooted to, and cri'd.

Resort, ye Nobles ; Scenes and Shews do call :

Now in the Court be there no suits at all.

More I should mention ; but the brasse-shrill sound
 And horrid *Lotos*-pipe doth me confound.
Help, *Cybele*. She cast her courteous eye
 On her learn'd Nieces, and bade them apply.
 To *Thespian Sisters*, mindfull of her voice,
 Shew why she's pleas'd with such continuall noise.
 Thus I. Then *Erato*, (This month to her
 Gives place, because the name of Love she bare.)
 This Fate was given to Saturn ; Mighty King,
 A Sonne of thine thee from thy throne shall fling.
 He fearing this devoureth every child
 As it came forth, and in his guts it kill'd.
 If *Rhea* mourn'd she could no Mother be,
 Though pregnant ; and bewail'd fertilitie.
 Love's born : *Antiquity's* the Testament :
 Why should we tax a truth so ancient ?
 His throat almighty gulps a swathed stone :
 What ages did allow this cheat of him alone.
 Long had a tinkling rung in *Ida* tall,
 That so the Infant might in safety brall.
 The *Corybantes* and *Curetes*, some
 In ringling helmets, some on bucklers drum.
 The Child's conceal'd. In signe of this therefore
 Her followers make their brasse and parchments rore.
 Her helmets, cymbals ; drums they beat for shields :
 The pipe those ancient *Phrygian* tunes still yields :
 She ceas'd : I ask'd, But why do Lions stout,
 Which scorn the harnesse, draw her coach about ?
 She answer'd, She *Ferocity*
 Strains ; and this her coach doth testifie.
 Why wears she on her head a towred Crown ?
 Cause she first gave tow'rs to every town ?
 He lik'd. Said I, whence comes that fury then
 That geld themselves ? The Muse reply'd agen,
 When *Atys* beauty all the woods surpass'd :
 He joyn'd with this tow'r'd Queen in love most chaste.

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Be e're a Boy ; reserve thy self for me ;
 And take, *quoth she*, my Temples custodie.
His troth he plighted : If, *said he*, I lie,
 Be that my last Love for my falsitie.

He ly'd ; and with the Sangaritian Maid
 230 *was stain'd*. The Goddesse vow'd revenge, betray'd.

The Nymph, by cutting off her tree, she gives
 A fatall wound. Their fates were relatives.
 He runs stark mad ; and, thinking o're his head
 His house beat down, to Dindymus he fled.

Sometimes he rores, O hold your lashes fell !
 O stay your brands ! I feel the Hags of hell !
 Then lanch'd his flesh with stones, and on the dirt
 Drags his long locks : O this is my desert !

And with my bloud deserv'd revenge I presse :
 240 Confounded be those parts which did transgresse !

Confounded be they. And so off he rest
 His shame : No symptoms of his sex were left.
 This is their pattern : Her gelt Priests from hence
 Pluck off their locks and cut their Pudiments.

Thus by the musick of th' Aonian Quire
 I did enjoy the cause of my desire.

Now, Lady Muse, relate : whence came this Queen
 Or hath she ever in our city been ?

Grove-gaudy Ida, Dindym, Cybele,
 250 And wealthy Troy she lov'd perpetually.

And when Æneas Italized Troy,
 She was about to follow him on's way :

But Fates inform'd her, that as yet that nation
 Requir'd her not. And so she kept her station.

But when rich Rome had now five ages view'd,
 And rais'd her crest above the world subdu'd,

The Priest our Sibylls fate-recording lines
 Reads o're, and there this grand instruction finds ;

You want your Mother : Romanes, her in hast
 260 Go seek, and give her entertainment chaste.

The fathers in these dark Meanders were
 Confus'd : what Goddess to be sought ? and where ?
 They send to Phoebus : Seek the Mother grand
 Of Gods, saith he : She's in th' Idean land.
 Lords are dispatch'd. Then Attalus was King
 Of Phrygia ; who denies to them the thing.
 Strange things I sing. The rambling ground doth shake ;
 And thus the Goddess from her chapell spake,
 Make hast, and send me : My desire's to Rome :
 Rome is a place that doth all Gods become.
 He, frighted at the voices fear, cries, Go :
 Curs thou shalt be ; Rome from our stock doth grow.
 Thousand axes straight those Pine-groves smite,
 Which good Æneas yerst imply'd in flight.
 Thousands are muster'd : And a painted barge
 Heavens great Grandame now doth take the charge.
 She sails most safely through her Nephews ream,
 And salleys o're the Hellesponts long stream :
 She pass'd Rhœteum and Sigeum o're,
 And Tened, and old Etion's wealthy shore :
 She fetch'd the Cyclads, Lesbos at their backs,
 And where Caristo's shore the waves refracts :
 She sails Icarium, where the molten fall
 Icarus the waters so did call.
 She set on the left, o'th' right hand Pelop's main
 Leaves ; then lanches to Cithæron's plain :
 She comes to Trinacria, where in boiling steel
 Cyclopians, Brontians, and Acmonians deal :
 She plows the Libyan sea, and o'th' left hand
 Sicilia views ; hence reach'd th' Ausonian land.
 She hears the sounds that mouth, where Tyber to the main
 Is rent, and ranges in a broader plain.
 Her Peers and Commons with the Senates ranks
 Go forth to meet her at the Tuscan banks.
 Her matrones with their husbands and their sonnes
 Go forth, and all the holy Vestall Nuns.

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- The strained ropes mens toilsome hands do wring ;
 Yet to the port the Barge they scarce can bring.
 The time was dry ; much heat had parch'd the land :
 300 The laden Barge sinks into mirie sand.
 Each Labourer more then his share doth toil ;
 And with loud whoots helps his stout hands each-while.
 That, like an island in the sea, to th' ground
 Sticks fast. The wonder strikes them all astound.
 Nun Claudia sprung of Clausus progeny,
 whose beauty equall'd her nobility :
 A maid, but not so counted ; being abus'd
 By base report, and wrongfully accus'd.
 Her habits brave, and musick so delicious ;
 310 And spruce attires did make her more suspicious.
 Her conscience clear derides the lies of fame :
 Yet we are prone to credit words of blame.
 She steps before the Nuns religious train,
 And in her hands takes up some water clean :
 Thrice dewes her head ; thrice lifts her hand to th' skie.
 All think her frantick that her gestures eye.
 Then on her humble knee with loosned hair
 She eyes the Goddesse, and thus makes her prayer,
 Alm Mother of the Powers celestially,
 320 Accept thy suppliants pray'rs conditionall.
 My shame is tax'd : I yield if thou accuse :
 If thou condemn me, death I'll not refuse.
 But if I'm clear, then give a reall signe :
 Chast Mother, follow these chaste hands of mine.
 This said, she drew the rope with strength but small ;
 (I speak a truth, though strange, yet generall.)
 The Goddesse follows, and therewith commends
 Her Leader : Joy to heaven a huge shout sends.
 Now came they to the bending which old dayes
 330 Call'd Tyber's Court : hence turns he left-hand-way
 Night came : The rope i' an oaken stump they tie ;
 And, being repasted, down to sleep they lye.

Light came : The rope from th' oaken stump th' unty'd ;
 But incense first on altars built apply'd ;
 And crown'd the ship : Then kill a heifer clear
 Which never bull nor servile yoke did bear.
 There is a place where Almo doth resigne
 His stream and name to nobler Tyberine :
 There doth the Priest, in purple robe most grave,
 In Almo's stream her and her Sacreds lave.
 Her followers hollow. Furious pipes resound :
 And velome thump t' her Eunuch's hands redound.
 Thy'd Claudia honour'd walks before, at last
 Heavenly witness scarce concluded chaste.
 She in her main into Capena-gate
 Brought ; her oxen strew'd with flow'rs in state.
 Asica takes her, not her Temples authour :
 Metellus was ; but now Augustus rather.
 Here Erato stay'd, till I question'd more.
 Now why small toll, said I, augments her store ?
 Wh coin collected, answered she, her fane
 Metellus rais'd : thence is that custome ta'n.
 Why, said I, do men, now frequent Guests,
 Course solemnize her appointed feasts ?
 Cause that she so happy a change did make
 Places, they thus varying omen take.
 Then are her games Megalesia
 Rome kept first ? To this my Muse did say,
 Bred the Gods : They give their Mother place :
 And so the first Games celebrate her grace.
 Then do they her Eunuchs Galli call ;
 Phrygia is so distant from the Gaul ?
 Antick stream call'd Gallus runs between
 Ax high and Cybel's verges green :
 Whence comes this madnesse : Fly it all, in sadnesse,
 Love your wits : The water worketh madnesse.
 Her table 't is, said I, in season
 Of herb-puddings : Is there any reason ?

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Old times, said she, of milk and herbs did feed,
 370 Such as the earth without controll did breed.
 Curds mixt with boil'd herbs serve her boord; that so
 An ancient Pow'r those ancient meats might know.

When starres are banish'd, and *Pallantias* thines
 In th' East, and *Luna* her white teem disjoyns,
 Upon *Quirinus* we may truly say
 Was *Publick Fortune* consecrate this day.

The third to this brings Stage-games; which as I
 Beheld, thus spake a grave Gentile plac'd by,
 This day did *Cæsar* on the Libyan ground
 380 *Perjurious Juba's stubborn arms confound.*
I serv'd a Tribune under Cæsars banner
Lord of my actions; which I count my honour.
My warfare me, this place thy Gown gave thee,
Both rais'd to th' office of Decemviri.

From this discourse w' are call'd off by a showre:
 The pendent *Tanker'd* airie drops did poure.
 But e're the evening doth the fights conclude,
 Sword-arm'd *Orion* in the waves is stew'd.

When next *Tithonia* views victorious *Rome*,
 390 And posting starres give place to *Titans* Groom,
 Large pomps, with ranks of Gods, the *Circus* grace,
 And aire-foot Coursers for the first prize race.

Then *Ceres* games. The Cause need not b' express'd
 Her favours of themselves are manifest.

Green Herbs at first were hungry fathers food,
 To them afforded from the earth unwoo'd.

Sometimes young stalks they gather'd here and there
 And tender sprouts did make them goodly chear.

They thought them wel when they had found out *M*

400 The Oak did yield them many a rich repast.
 First *Ceres* men with nobler meats did store;
 And into better food turn'd akorns poore.

She oxens brawny necks to th' plow subdu'd.

Then first the lanch'd ground *Sol's* lustre view'd.

Then Brasse was priz'd ; Steel great content did yield :
Ah, would that stuff had ever bin conceal'd !

She joyes in peace : No pray'rs, ye Farmers, cease
For peace perpetuall and our Prince of peace.

Meal mix'd with salt to her may you present,
And make th' old altars fumes of incense vent.

410

Or else for incense light your tapers greas'd.

With little gifts, if pure, is *Ceres* pleas'd.

Priests, spare the Oxens harmlesse lives ; They plow :

Present the lazy soil-bemoiling Sow.

'T is pittie an industrious life be slain :

Let it subsist and in her fields take pain.

This place invites the Virgins rape to shew.

Heare many things comprized in a few.

A land with three rocks crouds into the sea,

From its *Triangle* call'd *Trinacria* :

420

Belov'd of *Ceres* ; plentifully town'd :

There stands fair *Enna* on a fertil ground.

Cold *Arethuse* the Dames of heaven invites :

The corn-crown'd Goddesse comes to those delights.

Her Daughter, tended with her usuall train,

Walk'd barefoot up and down her flow'ry plain.

Hard by a grovy vale a flat doth lie,

Well water'd with a sources fall from high.

The gaudy mead her pride much vary'd, clad

With all the colours Lady *Nature* had.

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Which soon as spi'd, *Come Playfellows*, cries she,

And fill your aprons full of flow'rs with me.

Young Maidens minds delight in trifling spoil ;

And fond desire calls off the sense of toil.

This fills her basket of fine osiers made ;

This stores her apron ; she her coats doth lade,

This Marigolds ; she plies the Violet-beds ;

Her dainty finger crops the Poppy-heads.

In Hyacynth and Amaranth some dote :

Some Thyme, some Crowfoot, some love Melilote

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- And other flow'rs : The Rose doth much delight :
 She plucks the Saffron and the Lily white.
 Her busie mind still further off doth bear her ;
 And (as it chanc'd) none of her mates were near her :
 Her Uncle spies her, and on sooty steeds
 Rapes her away, and to his kingdome speeds.
 She cries, and calls out, *Io my Mother dear,*
I'm forc'd away ; and off her clothes doth tear.
 Forthwith the vault of *Pluto* doth display :
 450 His light-auk steeds could not abide the day.
 Her Maids, their baskets fill'd with flowery treasures,
 Cri'd, *Ho Persephone, come see thy pleasures.*
 When nought was heard, with cries they fill the dale,
 And smite their hands against their bosomes pale.
Ceres amaz'd at this to *Enna* flies ;
 And straight, *Ab wofull ! Where's my Girl ?* she cries.
 About she hurries in a dead distraction,
 Like shrews of *Bacchus* in their frantick action :
 Or as a Cow, rob'd of her late-calv'd Love,
 460 Runs sadly lowing all about the grove ;
 So she could neither sighs nor flight refrain,
 But runs, and first begins at *Enna's* plain.
 There first her daughter's footsteps she doth note :
 The ground betrayes the passage of her foot.
 Perchance she then had search'd the furthest ground,
 Had not some swine disturb'd the tract she found.
 The *Leontini*, and *Anisus* mazes
 She search'd, with all the meadow-grounds of *Acis* :
 Then *Cyane*, and mild *Anapus* fount,
 470 And over *Gela's* dangerous gulf doth mount :
 Then o're *Ortygia* and *Pantagia* goeth,
 And *Megara* ; then o're *Simethus* mouth :
 Next to the *Cyclops* sooty forge she hy'th ;
 Thence to that place nam'd from the crooked *Silue*.
 Then *Himere*, *Didym*, *Agrigentum*, and
Tauromenus ; thence to *Mela's* Holy-Ox-land.

Next *Camarine* with Swanny *Tempe* fair,
And *Thapsos* ; *Eryx* free to Western air :
Then search'd she *Pachyne*, *Pelore*, *Lilybe*,
Her Countrey's horn-like promontories three.
Each nook she fills with monefull Elegies,
As when the Lapwing to his *Itys* cries.
Sometimes, *Persephone* ; sometimes she cry'd,
My Daughter ; and by course both names imply'd :
But no *Persephone* could *Ceres* heare ;
Nor Daughter, Mother : Vain both titles were.
When she a Shepherd or a Plowman spi'd,
Saw you no Damsel passe this way ? she cri'd.
Nights cole-black colour now alone possess'd
All things : now watchfull tongues of dogs did rest.
Where *Aetna* high *Typhæus* vast bulk tires,
Whose ground is scorch'd with ever-spuing fires ;
Here for her torch two Pines she doth inflame :
Hence in her rites the Torches custome came.
Here is a cave of rugged pumice made,
Which neither man nor beast could e're invade :
Here when she came, her bridled snakes she tyes
Her coach, and dry-foot o're the water flies.
Next raught the *Syrts*, and to *Charybdis* pass'd,
And those naufragious Dogs of *Scylla* vast ;
The spacious *Adriack*, and *Corinthum* bound
Within two seas ; hence reach'd the *Attick* ground.
And, on a stone here rests she first of all,
Which stone th' *Athenians* hence from *Sadnesse* call.
Here many dayes in th' air she did remain
Stirr'd, and patient both of cold and rain.
No place but hath its fate. Now *Cereall*
usis then was *Celeus* farm but small.
At home was trudging with a trusse of wood,
With mast and berries from the hedge, for food.
Her daughter with two goats from field did come :
Her young sonne lay in cradle sick at home.

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The Wench said, *Mother* (Her that name did move)
what d' ye alone here in this desert grove ?

Th' old man too stands there (though his load were fore)
 And pray'd her enter to his Cottage poore.

She now an old wife in a mitre drest,
 In these sad words denyes his urg'd request,
Go safe, blest Parent, my poore Daughter's gone :

520 *Ah, sweet condition farre above mine own !*

She wip'd her eyes ; a pearly drop came from her
 Much like a tear : for tears did not become her.

Th' old man and maid, both tender-hearted, make
 A part in tears. The down-right Sage then spake,

God keep, God keep thy daughter safe from harm :

Come, pray, arise ; reject not our poore farm.

Replies the Dame, *Thy argument is strong.*

So rising up she follows him along.

As on they walk'd, he this to her exprest,

530 His Sonne was sick and could by no means rest.

She, as she went into his little mound,

Sleep-poring poppy gathers on the ground.

The-whiles she pluck'd she tasted it ('t is said)

And unawares her long-long fasting stay'd.

The which because she in the Evening did,

Her supper is not till the sunne is hid.

Being entred in, great mourning she beheld :

No hope of life was in the senselesse child.

Th' old wife saluted (called *Menaline*)

540 She daigns the boy's mouth to her own to joyn.

His strength and colour instantly renew'd :

Such vigour her celestiall kisse ensu'd.

The whole house joy'd ; to wit, the parents dear,

And little maid : these three the whole house were.

Forthwith they set the boord ; curds, apples, plumbs,

And golden hony in the hony-combs.

But *Ceres* fasted, and in milk lukewarm

Gives poppy to the boy, his sleep to charm.

keeps midnight-Silence did all things enwrap ;
Criplemus she takes into her lap : (sung, 550
 thrice stroak'd him with her hand : three charms she
 not to be utter'd by a mortall tongue :
 then rak'd up in hot embers him doth lay,
 that fire might purge his humane drosse away.
 p starts the fool-kind Mother, and stark wild
 cries out, *what mean you ?* and snatch'd up her child.
 said she, *Th' art evil in not being so :*
thy fond fear my gifts are frustrate now.
Now he is Mortall : But he first shall till
the earth, whose plenty shall his garners fill. 560
 thus forth she goes, and with a cloud attended,
 her winged-Dragon-mounted coach ascended.
 exposed *Sunion* and retir'd *Piræum*
 and right-hand-ports she search'd, and passes by 'um :
 then from th' *Agean* all the *Cyclads* ey'd ;
 hence pass'd th' *Icarian* and *Ionian* wide.
 and through all *Asia's* towns the *Hellepont*
 she raught, and over severall climes doth mount.
 for spic'd *Arabians* she beholds awhile ;
 then *Ind, Libs, Meroe*, and the thirsty soil: 570
 then pass'd *Hesperia, Po, the Rhene, and Rhode,*
 and *Tyber*, since a pow'rfull River's God.
 behold ! our pen in counting all would tire :
 no place on Earth was left unransack'd by her.
 yea, Heaven she search'd : and ask'd the signes that roll
 expell'd from th' Ocean) next the frozen Pole ;
Northern Stars, (ye sure all actions know,
 cause ye never dive the seas below :)
 what's become of my *Persephone*.
 her demand thus answers *Helice*, 580
 the Night's not conscious of her : ask the *Sunne*,
 who sees what-ever in the Day is done.
 asked, answered, *Toil no more in vain :*
 Daughter's married to the *Tertian* reigne.

- Long having mourn'd to *Jove* she pleads her case ;
 Deep characters of sorrow in her face :
 Had you remembred who my *Proserpine*
 Begat, your care of her had equall'd mine.
 The whole world's search affords me nought but this,
 590 To know my wrong. The *Pirate* hath his prize.
 This forced match my child deserved not ;
 Nor I, to have a *Sonne-in-law* thus got.
 What heavier thrall could *Gyges* conquest bring
 Then now sh' endures the while her *Father's King* ?
 Shall he go scot-free : we revengelesse mourn :
 Make him repent his crime, and her return.
Jove pacifies : Let Love excuse, saith he ;
 Nor be asham'd of his affinity.
 He is our Equall. Heaven's my throne : One Brother
 600 Reigns in the Ocean ; and in *Styx*, the other.
 But if no reason can thy will perswade,
 But thou wilt break a match already made ;
 We'll try this means : Sh' is thine, if meat sh' abstain :
 If not, she must th' *Infernall Bride* remain.
Caduceus sails to *Slyx* on nimble wings,
 And quick as thought eye-witness'd tidings brings ;
 She had her stomach staid with kernels three
 Of th' apple pluck'd from the pomegranate-tree.
 She mourns as much as if herself had now
 610 Been forc'd away, and scarce could grief out-grow :
 And thus she cries, Your heaven to me is hatefull :
 Let me go live in *Tartary* more gratefull.
 This had she done too, but that *Jove* did swear,
 In heaven her Daughter should be half the yeare.
 With this was *Ceres* chear'd and comforted,
 And put a corn-ear'd garland on her head.
 The rested fields gave huge encrease of grain,
 Whose crouded treasures barns could scarce contain,
 White'pleases *Ceres* ; in her *Cereals* wear
 620 White vestures : black is out of date with her.

Jove surnam'd *Victor* *April's* Ides doth ow :
 his day a Temple unto him did vow.
 and *Liberty*, most fitting for our Nation,
 his day (unlesse I erre) enjoy'd her station.
 Next day let Sea-men in their ports strike sail :
 out of the West come vapouring storms of hail.
 and be it so : yet in these stony storms
 and *Cæsar* quell the *Mutinesian* arms.
 Now when the third day next the Ides doth rise,
Forde Cow the high Priests sacrifice.
 Cow they *Forda* and *Fœcunda* name
 from *Fero* : Hence some think that *Fœtus* came.
 Now beasts are pregnant ; pregnant are all seeds :
 safe pregnant Earth a pregnant beast must needs.
 In *Joves* Tower are offer'd : Thirty more
 in the *wards*, whose bloud doth drench the floore.
 and when the Priests have drawn the yong calves forth,
 and laid the Cow's slic'd entrails on the hearth,
 the eldest Nun the Calves to ashes drie
 with burn, on *Pales* day to purifie.
 In *Numa's* time the Earth the Plowmans pain
 not requite ; but all his pray'rs prov'd vain.
 sometimes 'twas fear'd wth cold raw Northern drought :
 sometimes 't was dropsi'd by th' excessive South.
 in the blade did oft delude the Lord ;
 and Oaten stalks did nought but husks afford.
 As flunk their young with most untimely throws :
 the Ewe in giving life her own did lose.
 Good devoted to *Menalian Pan*
 were stood, not lately cut by any man :
 were he his notions to the soul asleep
 might infus'd. Here *Numa* kills two sheep :
 first to *Pan*, the next to *Sleep* they slay ;
 both their fleeces on the ground display.
 Ice with spring-water he bedews his brows ;
 twice his temples binds with beechen boughs.

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Flesh-

Flesh-meat and Wives that night they must forbear;
Nor any ring upon their fingers wear.

At even to th' God in his set form he prays,
660 Then on those new skins down himself he layes.
Anon comes poppy-headed *Night*, and brings
Calm Sleep and floating Dreams on mortall things.
Pan comes, and trampling on the sheep-skins spread
With horny hoof, thus on the right side said,
The Earth, King Numa, must be reconcil'd
With two kine's lives which one alone must yield.
Fear shakes off sleep. About his thoughts he roll'd
The Myserie, the meaning to unfold.

Grove-lov'd *Ægeria* doth the meaning shew:
670 *A Cow with calf is claim'd*, saith she, *of you.*
A Cow with calf is sacrific'd: The yeare
Becomes more fruitfull: Ground and Cartel bear.

This day once *Venus* did compell to run
Full speed, and spurr'd the horses of the Sunne;
That this style *Emperour* might *Augustus* young
Salute next day from his Victorious throng.

But when the fourth morn from the Ides gives
The *Hyads* enter *Doris* court that night.

The third day next the *Hyades* are gone
680 The Race-horse in the lists are plac'd to run.

Here let me tell why Foxes in the rails
Run loose with fire-links at their backs and tails.
Through cold *Carseoli*, a soil but slow
In olives thrift, but apt for corn to grow,
I took my journey to my native seat
Pelignus small, but fed with waters sweet:
Into an old acquaintance-house I turned
Just as *Sol's* coach-horse had their day's task journey
He many stories us'd to tell me there:

690 'Mong which was this, which I must mention here,
Here in this field, sayes he, and shews the field,
A hardy peasant with his houswife dwell'd.

in his ground continually did work
 with ripping plow, with sickle, spade or fork.
 he in the meadows would sometimes make hay,
 trodden eggs beneath her clock-hens lay :
 mushrooms bald or mallows would she pluck ;
 when makes a fire at her low chimney's stock.
 at every day she at her wheel did stint her,
 warm her self against the frowns of winter.
 sonne some dozen years of age they had,
 that kept the fields, a perk unhappy lad.
 beyond the furthest willows in yon field
 he caught a Fox that had much poultry kill'd :
 his pris'ner up he wraps in straw and hay ;
 sets it on fire : the Fox escapes away,
 and fires the fields of corn wheres'ere he came :
 the winds advantag'd that pernicious flame.
 that's still remembred : for now when they burn
 his beast with stubble as he burn'd the corn,
 is a law 'mongst our Carleoli,
 keep no fox on purpose so to dye.

700

When Memnon's gold-lock'd mother next comes forth
 in crimson coach to view th' uncover'd earth,
 leaving that fair Ram that Helle lost,
 entertained by a stouter Host :
 let doubt I whether 't is an Ox or Cow :
 none but the former parts thereof do show.
 that be it Bull or Cow, I'm sure of this,
 that that preferment *Juno* vexed is.

710

Next morning comes : *Palilia* now requires me.
 I'll make reply if *Pales* but inspires me.
 and *Pales*, help : Thy pastorall rites I sing :
 I devoutly do discharge each thing.
 oft Calves-ashes and Bean-straws have held,
 with burn'd purgations in a hand well fill'd :
 oft o're the bone-fires have I tane three hops,
 and dew'd my self with Holy-water drops.

720

The

The Lady mov'd did my petition mind.

730 Our ship is lanch'd forth, and hath got fair wind.

Sirs, fetch perfume from *Vesta's* Altars: she
Affords it you, your selves to purifie.

With these three Simples fumigate you must,
With Horse-bloud, Bean-straw, and a slunk Calf's duft
In th' evening, Shepherds, purge your pastur'd Sheep
First sprinkle waters, and your stall-floores sweep:

Trim up your sheepfolds with green herbs and boughs
And with long garlands hang your gates and house:
Raife up blue fumes of brimstone pure and clean,

740 And smoke your cattel till they bleat again.

Gumme, *Sabine* weeds, and barren *Olives* lay
Upon the fire, withall the crackling Bay.

First-fruits of *Millet*, with the basket, fire:

This countrey-Dame that meat doth much desire.

Then adde the Milk-bowl with her cates, and pray,

To her presenting luke-warm milk, and lay,

Great Queen for ay both *Sheep* and *Shepherds* shield:
Be all offenses from our stalls expell'd.

If under holy trees I've laid my head;

750 If flocks on holy ground or graves have fed,

Or enter'd groves divine; if that our eye

Have made the Goat-foot-God or *Nymphs* to flie;

If that my hook your groves of boughs bereaves,

To feed my sick sheep with a trusse of leaves:

Forgive the crime: and when it hails, my croud

Admit with me into *Pan's* caves to shroud.

Forgive, O *Nymphs*, if we your fountains sweet

Have troubled, or our cattel with their feet.

Dear *Queen*, thou all the Fountains with their Power

760 For us appease, with Gods of grovy Bowers.

Nor *Nymphs*, nor *Cynthia* in her cistern play

Let us not see, nor *Pan* in fields all day.

Let men and beasts be hail and freed from griefs:

Preserve our dogs, that us preserve from thieves.

Let's not at even bring tale uneven with morn,
For sadly shew the skins of cattel torn.

Keep off base Dearth : let grasse and trees spring fresh,
And springs of water, both to drink and wash.

Let kine give milk, milk cheese, and cheese good coin :
Let wholesome whey through osier-cheese-bowls drain.

770

Let rams be frolick, and the ewes their seed
A time bring forth and many young lambs breed.

All yield full fleeces, work, not harsh, but fine
For maids, and pliant to the fingers twine.

Grant these our pray'rs, and we will every yeare
To thee the *Queen of Shepherds* make this chear.

Thus pray: And turn'd to th' East, four times this matter
Repeat: then wash thy hands in fresh spring-water.

Then in a beaker, or a milk-dish for it,
Arouse milk mingled with decocted claret.

780

Then o're the crackling stubble at the last
Our sturdy bodies in a quick leap cast.

The manner's told : th' originall remains :
Those number troubles and our work detains.

There is a purger ; it refines each metall :

Therefore may purge the Shepherd with his cattel.

For since all things have two contrary seeds,

The Fire and Water, whence each compound breeds ;

These Simples, Fire and Water, Fathers old

The best purgations for our bodies hold.

790

'cause these are the very grounds of life ;

The *exults* losse ; the portion of the wife.

Scarce believe 't : Some think there's understood

The fire of *Phaethon* and *Deucalion's* floud.

Some say a Shepherd striking of a flint

Received some sudden seeds of fire within 't :

The first spark dy'd ; the next doth tinder take :

'Tis th' argument of *Pales* fire they make.

From *Aneas*, to whose flight the flame

Give a harmlesse way, this custome came.

- 800
This

This is the likelier : *Rome* now rais'd, the King
 Commands his Gods to their new seats to bring.
 The Shepherds all in their new t^ransmigrations
 Set fire upon their old thatch'd habitations :
 Then with their flocks they all leap'd through the lay
 Which still is acted on *Romes* natall day.

Mere chance to *Romes* first birth me now doth bring
Quirinus, favour, while thy deeds I sing.

Amulius bloud his tyrants score had paid :

810 The crue of shepherds now two Lords obey'd.

They both agreed into one town to call
 The Boores ; but argu'd who should build the wall.
 Sayes *Romulus*, *what need this strife or words ?*
Birds will direct us : let's consult with birds.

Agreed : To grovy *Palatine* he climbs ;
 And he the top of *Aventine* betimes.

Six *Remus* spies ; his Brother, twelve : he yields :
 And *Romulus* at his election builds.

A day is chose to furrow out the wall :

820 They worship *Pales*, and to work they fall.

Down to the firm ground do they dig a ditch :
 Then cast in corn ; From neighbouring lands they fet
 Earth to fill't up ; and on the fill'd ditch raise
 An altar, and there make a fresh fire blaze.

Thence with a dike he marks the wall : The plow
 Is carry'd by a snow-white Ox and Cow.

Jove, prosper our designe, the King thus pray'd ;
Thou father Mars and mother Vesta ayd.

And all ye Gods, on whom I ought to call,

830 With all your favours let me raise this wall.

Be this the Lady of the world for ay,
 Both to the rising and the setting day.

Thus pray'd the King. *Jove* prosp'rously reply'd
 From heaven with thunder on the left-hand-side..

All, joy'd at th' omen, their foundation laid :

And in short time a perk new wall is made.

The King appoints *S^r Celer* t^r oversee
 The work: *S^r Celer*, have a care,saith he,
 That no man o're the wall or ditch doth passe;
 Who-ever dares it knock him down i'th' place.
 This *Remus* knew not; but the walls so low
 Begins to flout: *Will these keep out the foe?*
 Straight leaps he over. *Celer* knocks him down.
 He in his bloud falls headlong with a grone.
 This news the King, soon as it touch'd his ears,
 Sounds to the soul: He swallows bosome-tears,
 And shrines his sorrow for his honour's sake:
 Each leaps,cries he,*let all our foes here take.*
 At at his exequies he could not choose
 Not weep: imprison'd piety breaks loose.
 He kiss'd the herse whereon his body lies;
Adieu, dear brother, to my wo, he cries.
 When mournfull *Acca* in her loose attire
 With *Faustulus* anoint him for the fire.
 The youth, not yet enstall'd *Quirites*, mourn:
 The wept-o're pile is lastly fir'd to burn.
 The City's built. O who would then have dream'd
 We're should trample o're the whole world tam'd!
 None ever under our victorious *Cesar*:
 This great title still reserve a treasure:
 And while thou stand'st above the world extoll'd,
 Death thy skirts the Earth subjected hold.
 've done with *Pales*. Now *Vinalia*
 Sing. Yet 'twixt the twain there is one day.
 Common harlots,*Venus* now adore:
 furthers your Professions gain the more.
 With incense fum'd ask beauty, all mens love,
 With ring gestures, and quaint jests to move.
 The water-Mint and Myrtle to your Queen,
 With weaves of Roses ty'd with rush-films green.
 The Chapell next *Collina's* portall fill,
 Which takes its name from th' old *Sicilian* hill.

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870

- Mark Claudius Arethusian Syracuse*
 And *Eryx* mountain both in warre subdued,
 Then *Venus* by the aged *Sibylls* verse
 Was brought to her Sonne's land, which she preferres.
 Why then (you ask) call we *Vinalia*
 This *Venus*-feast? and why is it *Joves* day?
 Prince *Turnus* and *Aeneas* for a Maid
 880 Made warres. Young *Turnus* seeks th' *Etruscane* aid.
Mezentius was a warriour of great note;
 On horse-back furious, but more fierce on foot:
 Whom *Turnus* with his *Rutuls* to their side
 Intreat. The *Tuscane* Captain thus repli'd,
 " These wounds and arms oft dy'd in my own bloud
 " Can witnesse, Prowesse me some price hath stood
 " Petitioners, no great reward I ask;
 " But half your vintage in the next years cask.
 " We'll straight to work. The conquest's ours: get ye
 890 " But wine. The foe shall our agreement rue.
 The *Rutuls* yield. *Mezentius* is array'd:
 So is *Aeneas*; and to *Jove* thus pray'd,
Our foes have vow'd their wines to th' Tyrrhene King
Jove, wine to thee from Latine vines we'll bring.
 The better vow prevails. *Mezentius* slain
 Kicks at the ground in his fell souls disdain.
 Blout *Autumne* in grape-soiled weeds array'd
 Was come: To *Jove* the promis'd wine is pay'd.
 Hence is this day enstyl'd *Vinalia*: *Jove*
 900 Doth challenge it; and much the feast doth love.
 When *April* now hath gained six dayes more,
 The Spring hath wasted half her pregnant store.
 In vain thou seek'st the *Ram* which *Helle* bear:
 Show'rs will give signes: The Dog doth now appeare
 As from *Nomentum* I return'd this day
 To *Rome*, a white train meets me in the way.
 A *Flamen* into *Rusts* old grove did hie,
 The entrails of a Dog and Sheep to frie.

went along to learn that service : There
Quirinus Priest thus praying I did heare,
 Rough *Rust*, forbear our *Cereal* store to spoil,
 And let the smooth blade glister on the soil.
 Permit our grain to ripen full and fair,
 Nurs'd by the favour of a temperate aire.
 Great is thy power : the corn which thou dost rust
 The sory Farmer doth account as lost.
 Nor winds, nor nipping frosts, nor tempests strong
 Can work such hurt and do the corn such wrong
 As when the Suns hot gleams the dank blade warm :
 Then is thy time, dread Queen, to do the harm. 910
 O spare ! take off from corn thy fingers rough :
 Hurt not our food : Thou canst : be that enough.
 Eat up dire Ir'n, and not our food from us :
 First ruine that, which is so ruinous.
 On Swords and wastfull weapons rather seise :
 No need of them ; the world now lives in peace.
 Let countrey-tools, the Spade, the Rake, the Share,
 Now glister bright : foul nought but tools of Warre.
 And when a souldier would his sword unheath,
 Let tugging at it put him out of breath. 920
 Ne'r maist thou deal with *Ceres* ; but alway
 Let carefull Farmers to thy absence pray.
 He ends. His towel fring'd with tufted locks
 On's right side lay, with wine and th' incense-box.
 Saw him burn his wine and incense then,
 With th' entrails of the Sheep and Dog unclean.
 To know the ground of this strange sacrifice
 Aske'd the *Flamen* : who to me replies,
 There is a Dog *Icarius* call'd, the fire
 Of whose aspect both soil and seed doth tire : 930
 To that Dog-starre this dog we burn in flame :
 Nor know I any reason but the name.
 When thrice *Tithonia Priam's* Brothers Bride
 March'd forth, usher'd by her gallant guide,

With crowns of flow'rs behold the *Flow'ry Queen* :
 Now liberall Mirth luxuriates on the Scene.
 Next *Calends* ends the feast ; I'll mention 't then :
 A greater task now calls away my pen.
 This day doth *Vesta* in her Cosin's shrine
 950 Conclude : just Senatours did so combine.
 One share hath *Phæbus* ; *Vesta* hath the second ;
 With whom Liege *Cesar* in the third is reckon'd.
 Let Oaken boughs and lasting Laurell crown
 This Temple, which contains three Gods in one.

The end of the fourth Book.



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OVIDS FESTIVALLS:

OR,

ROMANE CALENDAR.

The fifth Book;

or,

MAY.

The Argument.

THe Muses Descants on the name of May.
 The Hyads call'd from Hyas made a prey.
 Queen Flora's Playes and praises: every part
 Of her feast shown: Mars born by Flora's art.
 Old Chiron's story. Rites to Spirits pale
 From Remus nam'd. Orion, and his tale.
 A temple to Bis-ultor Mars. Joves cheat.
 The Nuns Rush-pictures into Tiber let.
 The Merchants pray'r of cheats to Mercurie.
 The Twins. More dayes of much diversitie.

 You ask me, whence this Month is called
 May.

Y I know not well what reason down to
 lay.

Just as a traveller, when as he views
 the paths, stands still, and knows not which to chuse:
 know not I, because I have such store,
 at cause to give: even plenty makes me poore.
 te, ye Nymphs of Hippocrene, that dwell
 ut the lovely Pegasean well.

Sisters differ. Then Poly'mnia fair
 speaks: The rest in silence all give ear.

- when Chaos wrought, and these three bodies made,
 And that huge masse was into forms convey'd,
 Earth's load press'd downward, and attracts the Sea:
 Heaven mounted by its native levitie:
 Sunne, Moon, and Starres, clogg'd with no grosser weight,
 With all their harnesse elevated straight.
 But for a time Earth gave no place to Heaven;
 Nor Starres, to Sol: All dignities were even.
 Ofttimes a God but of the vulgar race
 20 Presum'd to take grand Saturn's royall place.
 Each notelesse Deity would by Ocean old
 Sit cheek by jowl. Oft Tethys was controll'd.
 Till awfull Reverence and Honour gave
 Seats sutable to every person gave.
 Hence Majesty, which all the world doth sway,
 Did spring; accounted great on her birth-day.
 Amid Heaven's palace was she straight extoll'd,
 Array'd in purple and transparent gold.
 Pale Fear and modest Shame sate by her side:
 30 And all the Gods with like-fram'd looks her ey'd.
 Straight Zeal of Honour seiz'd their minds: all savour
 Repute and Worth, and aym to purchase favour.
 For many years in Heaven remain'd this state;
 Till Father Saturn was expell'd by fate.
 Those monstrous Giants then the Earth did bear
 Whose hands t' invade the court of Jove did dare:
 With hundred hands to them she snakes feet gave;
 The Gods themselves, cries she, in warres outbrave.
 Up to the welkin with audacious might
 40 They mountains pil'd, and challeng'd Jove to fight.
 He from his tow'r discharg'd his thunder straight,
 And on th' invaders pates whelm'd that vast weight.
 Thus Majesty by Jove his arms protected
 The conquest wonne, and since hath been respected.
 With Jove she sits, and is his guardian sure:
 And sans constraint enstates his reigne secure.

In earth she came, ador'd by divers Sages,
 Quirinus, Numa, in their severall ages.
 The Parents honour for them doth defend:
 So fair and virtuous youth she is a friend.
 The ivory-Bench and Rods enstall'd she graces:
 In crowned Steeds she in proud triumph paces.
 Poly'mnia ends, and is approv'd in all
 Clio and Thalia lyricall.
 Urania follows: All are whift and still;
 And her voice onely now the Quire doth fill:
 Of old great reverence had the hoary head;
 And wrinkled Age was highly honoured.
 Youth practic'd warfare with a sprightfull hand,
 And march'd in colours for their Gods and land.
 Old Age, but weak, nor fit for battels brave,
 Did aid their Countrey by their counsels grave.
 The Court was then for none but Seniors free;
 And Senate comes from Senioritie.
 And men kept Courts: The law was onely ty'd
 To that calm age; which thence was dignifi'd.
 Old men 'twixt young without distast have gone;
 And in the middle, if there were but one.
 No dar'd a rash word near a Seniors eare
 To speak: A Censure he should surely bear.
 Quirinus knowing this the Sages chose
 His cities new state-matters to dispose.
 Hence, to renown those Majors who did sway
 Those times, I hold this Month is called May.
 And Numitor, whom he could not deny,
 Would have this Month gi'v'n to Majority.
 For ill successe had this same pledge of grace:
 Hence, nam'd of Juniors, follows next in place.
 Then Queen of all Calliopea fair
 Began: green ivie crown'd her fluent hair:
 Oceanus, whose streams the Earth confine,
 And watry Tethys did in wedlock joyn,

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Hence Pleione descended, who did wed
 Heaven-propping Atlas, and the Pleiads bred.
 The rest in beauty fame reports that May
 Excell'd, and Jove enamour'd with her lay.
 She on Cyllene's cypresse-crown did bear
 The Post of heaven, whose pinions cut the aire.
 Arcadia older then the Moon (some hold,)

90 Huge Mænalus, swift Ladon, him extoll'd.
 Evander, banish'd from th' Arcadian shore,
 Came into Latium, and his Gods brought o're.
 Then whereas Rome the world's chief head now stands,
 were beasts, and trees, and stalls about the lands.
 Here sailing; Hold, his learned Mother cry'd:
 For in those fields a Kingdome's plat I've spi'd.
 His Prophetesse and Mother he obey'd,
 And on that unacquainted shore there stay'd.
 He taught these nations many services,

100 Both horn-hoof'd Pans and winged Mercuries.
 The girt Luperci worship half-goat Pan
 When with their thongs about the streets they ran.
 But witty-shirking Mercurie, who fram'd
 The Harp, this month from his fair Mother nam'd.
 Nor was't his first good deed: for he made even
 His Harp-strings number with the Pleiads seven.
 She ended too: her Sisters did approve.
 My thoughts their reasons all alike do move.
 Like thanks, ye Muses, I to you expresse:

110 Nor can I praise you either more or lesse.

Jove leads my work: This night the Starre we see
 Which was officious to Joves Infancie.
 The wet Olenian Goat now rising see,
 Whom Heaven rewarded for her nurserie.
 Nymph Amalthea, fam'd in Cretane Ide,
 Jove her young nurfling in the woods did hide.
 She had a Goat two little twins that bred,
 Of all Dictæan flocks the fairest head;

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With stately horns, which to her back did behd,
 And teats that might *Joves* nurse right well commend. 120
 She suckled *Jove* : But in a tree she broke
 Her horn: the beauty half away this took. (it.

The Nymph took't up, & crown'd with flow'rs she fill'd
 With dainty fruits, and to *Joves* mouth she held it.
 Heavens Common-wealth and Fathers throne when he
 Possess'd, and held the sole Supremacie,
 He made his nurse a Signe ; his nurses horn,
 A spring, which since the mistresse name hath born.

May's Calends sees the little Images
 And th' altar rais'd to *Lares Præstites*. 130

The Altar for the *Cures* was ; but down
 It is beat by age and time that wasteth stone.
 Because their vigilance make all things sure,
 They stand for us, and keep the walls secure,
 And are assistant, and in every need
 Are present, we this name to them aread.

A Dog at their feet in the same stone carv'd
 Doth stand ; of which this reason is observ'd.
 Both lov'd of masters : both the house defend :
 Both God and Dog the three-leet wayes do tend. 140

By Dogs and Gods slie thieves away are scar'd :
 Those Gods with Dogs do ever watch and ward.
 The Statues twain of these twin-Gods I sought :
 But their decay consuming Time had wrought.

Our City hath a thousand *Lares* more,
 With their Sires Ghost, which countrey-men adore.

Where wander I ? These lines are *August's* task.

Mean while *S^t Bona* in our verse should mask.
 There is a masse by Nature wrought, no small
 Part of a mountain : which the *Stone* we call. 150

On this did *Remus* stand, although in vain,
 When to his Brother fowls did give the reigne.

Here Fathers on that easie hill did build
 Chapell, which a man detested held.

Nun *Claudia*, of the *Clausi*'s familie,
 Did vow't ; a maid unstain'd with Venerie.
 Queen *Livia* did repair it, who presents
 In all her acts her Lords magnificence.

When *Phæbus* next the Eastern gates unbarres,
 160 And with bright taper damps the languish'd starres,
 The cold north-west-wind 'mongst the corn-ear'sports,
 And white flags sally from the *Caprean* ports.
 But when the Evening leads the Night on clear,
 The *Hyads* sparkling bevy all appear.
 The Bulls snout shines with seven refulgent flames,
 Which *Grecia Hyads* from their showring names.
 Some think they *Bacchus* nurs'd: Some think them thus
 The seed of *Tethys* and *Oceanus*.

As yet grand *Atlas* had not shoulder'd Heaven,
 170 When *Hyas* issu'd with his Sisters seven :
 Which *Æthra Oceans* daughter bred and nurs'd :
 But *Hyas* was the fairest and the first.
 He in his youth the trembling Roe would chase ;
 Sometimes the Hare would make a sportfull race :
 But whenas years encreas'd his strength he would
 With Boars encounter and the Lion bold.
 At length he vent'ring for to steal away
 A Lion's whelps became a Lion's prey.
 Both Mothers, Sisters, *Atlas* now to sail

180 With heaven on's neck, their *Hyas* all bewail.
 The Sisters yet surpass'd their parents piety :
 Their *Hyas* gave them names, their love a Deity.

Come, Queen of Flow'rs, renown'd in jocund playes
 I'th' former month I did deferre thy praise.
 In *April* thou beginn'st, and end'st in *May* :
 With thee one comes in, th' other goes away.
 Since both their confines do pertain to thee,
 Both to thy honour may devoted be.

The *Cirk* with speeches cry'd on Theaters
 190 Reach to this Month ; so also shall my verse,

Thou know'st ; inform me : mens opinions erre :
Thou art thine own names best interpreter.

To my request this answer she bequeath'd,
Whiles from her lips the vernall Roses breath'd ;
Once Chloris, now I'm Flora call'd : the sound
Of Latine letters doth the Greek confound :
Chloris, a Nymph of that delicious field
Where those blis't men did live in times of eld.

It were not modesty for me to tell

My beauty, which did please a God so well.

I walk'd i'th' Spring : me Zephyr spies : I flie :

He follows me, and swifter proves then I.

His brother Boreas lends him all his aid,

Who once did ravish th' Erichthean maid.

Yet for his rape, by making me his wife,

He made amends. I cannot blame my life.

My Spring is constant ; all my season's good :

My trees with leaves, my ground is clad with food.

I have a garden in my dowry-fields

Call'd by kind airs and cool'd by courteous rills.

Here with rare sweets my husband deck'd my bowers ;

Sweet wife, saith he, be thou the Queen of Flowers.

To tell their colours I have oft intended :

It was vain ; their number all accounts transcended.

Soon as their leaves have left their gemmy drops,

And Sol's beams warm their particolour'd tops,

The How'rs, in broyded gowns array'd, come hither,

And my endowments in light baskets gather.

Then come the Graces, and quaint garlands here

And coronets weave for the Gods to wear.

First did scatter severall seeds all o're

The Earth ; which but one colour had before.

Flow'r of Hyacinthus bloud I made ;

Whose leaves expresse his Elegie most sad.

Thou also, Narcisse, through the fields art known :

Unhappy youth, that wert not two for one !

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*Young Crocus, Acis, and Adonis see,
whose dying blouds were dignifi'd by me.*

Mars (thou maist know't) was born too by my skill :

230 *Heaven grant that trick from Jove be hidden still.*

*Queen Juno griev'd that Jove without her aid
Brought forth the motherlesse Athenian Maid,
Comes to old Ocean for to make her mone ;
And at our gate quite tired sits her down.*

*Great Queen, said I, what cause hath thee here brought
She told me whom, and for what cause, she sought.
To her I us'd some words of comfort there.*

*Bare words, saith she, will never cure my care.
If Jove could his paternity enlarge*

240 *Sans use of wife, and both our parts discharge ;*

*Why may not I as well a mother be
Without his help, and breed with chastitie ?
All charms and mixtures both in land and seas
I'll search, and trie, and grope the Stygian lees.
She still talk'd on. My looks my doubt betray'd.*

O Nymph, cries she, thy looks do promise aid.

Thrice I resolv'd to speak ; and thrice I held :

Great Joves sad anger me with trouble fill'd.

I pray thee help, said she ; Thy act most sure

250 *Shall be conceal'd : to this I Styx adjure.*

A flower, said I, sent from th' Olenian fields

Will do the deed : but one my garden yields.

The giver bade me touch a barren Cow,

'T will make her breed. I try'd ; and it did so.

*I pluck'd the flow'r, and touch'd her with it : she
With touch of it conceiv'd immediately.*

Now to Propontis left-hand doth she turn,

*And Thrace, being big with child, where Mars was born
who still remembring of his birth by me,*

260 *Thou in our town shalt have a place, said he.*

Nor think my power soft garlands onely yields :

It doth extend as well to corn-sown fields.

if Corn blooms well, the harvest will be rich :
 if Vines bloom well, 't will make the branches stretch.
 if Olives bloom well, 't is chearly yeare :
 both Plumbs and Apples their successe have here.
 if blooms be nip'd, both Beans and Pease decay ;
 And forrein Nilus Lentils fade away.

Vine also flow'rs, laboriously tunn'd up
 on butts ; and thick clouds swim about the top.

270

Hony is mine : the Hony-bees I set
 on Thyme, and Lilyes, and the Violet.

We also sport the fragrant flow'rs among,
 when strength is sound, blouds fresh, and bodies young.

This her discourse in silence I admire.

saith she, Speak freely, if you ought require.

Lady, said I, thy Games first pedigree

Relate. I ceas'd : And she replies to me,

The other tools of Luxury unsound,

that man was rich that Cattel kept and ground :

280

Hence Locuples, and hence Pecunia came.

but now each man anothers wealth did claim.

The custome was to feed the peoples Commons

without controllment : they long time were no mans.

mans law the people did their Commons keep :

he was a churl that by himself fed sheep.

this liberty the Publick Ædiles made

for th' Commons : Men before no courage had.

some Judges took the cause in hand, and fin'd

the wrongfull, Honours to their place were joyn'd.

290

part of the fine to me was contributed :

And with applause my Games were instituted,

plac'd on the hills side, then a cliff huge tall ;

now 't is good way, which ye Publicius call.

I thought her Games had every yeare been plaid.

he did deny it, and again thus said,

the joy in honours, both of Feasts, Fires, Fanes :

the Deities are all ambitious trains.

Men

- Men have with sinnes incens'd the Gods oft times ;
 300 Then flatter'd them with offring's for their crimes.
 Oft have I seen Jove, hurling his fire-storm,
 At sight of incense hold his threatening arm.
 But if contemn'd, the wrong we do require
 With heavy vengeance, and exceed in ire.
 See Meleager burn'd with absent brand,
 'Cause Dian's altar did neglected stand.
 The same Pow'r's weapons Niobe afflicted :
 A Maid, yet twice reveng'd her hearths neglected.
 Hippolytus, when torn with frighted steeds,
 310 How fain would he have honour'd Venus deeds.
 'T were long to tell the errours of this kind.
 My self once slipp'd out of the Romanes mind ;
 What should I do ? how shew my discontent ?
 What damages should my disgrace invent ?
 Sad, I my office cast aside. I varnish'd
 No meads : each garden lay unprix'd, ungarnish'd.
 The Lilies dy'd : the Violets dry'd away :
 The strings of ambre-Saffron did decay.
 Oft cry'd my Zephyr, O do thou not spoil
 320 Thy dow'r ! My dow'r to me was then but vile.
 The Olive-blooms were nipp'd by tetchy wind :
 Corn-blooms the hailstones did to powder grind.
 The Vine was hopefull : but the South did frown,
 And forced show'rs did beat the blossomes down.
 I would not be, nor is my wrath extreme :
 But I then car'd not for protecting them.
 The Fathers met : and, should the yeare well flower,
 An annuall feast they vow'd unto my Power.
 I yielded to their vow : To me my Playes
 330 Two Consuls, Lenas and Posthumius, raise.
 I would have ask'd why such licentious jests
 And wanton sports were used in her feasts :
 But I bethought me ; She's no Power austere :
 But all her gifts are for delight and chear.

rows are embroydered with spruce garlands sew'd,
And tables cover'd with fresh roses strew'd.
The bouzy guest, deck'd with a film-flower crown,
In drunken garb there dances up and down :
And 's head with oyl and flow'rs and wine well-lin'd,
He Catches sings at 's Sweet-hearts doore unkind.
Crown'd temples meddle with no serious matter ;
Nor are flow'rs us'd in drinking of fair water.

340

Till *Achelous* temper'd was with wine,
Flow'rs in their drinking men did never joyn.
Flow'rs *Bacchus* loves : *Ariadne's* crown can tell
That flow'rs and garlands please him passing well.
Scenes mirthfull please her : She does not belong,
Not she (believe me) to the Tragick throng.
But why do Strumpets in these joviall playes
The mymicks act ? I easily learn'd the cause.

350

He's none of those same grave and stately Dames :
To vulgar people she allows her games ;
And bids then use Youth's flow'r before 't is worn :
The Rose once wither'd men despise the Thorn.

But why, said I, since *Ceres* is in white,
Art thou in particolour'd garments dight ?
't 'cause her harvest hath that onely hue,
And in thy flow'rs all colours are to view?

He becken'd. From her head the flow'rs dropp'd down
As thick as roses on a table strown.

360

The Lights remain'd: whose cause was yet conceal'd.
To clear my ignorance she the cause reveal'd ;
Because my Flowers shine in purple rayes,
Therefore these Tapers well do suit my dayes.
'cause my Flow'rs in colours bright do shine,
As well as Flames, and both attract the eyne.
'cause Nights freedome to my sports agree.
At this last reason best accounted be.

One thing more briefly I have yet to say,
I may ask, said I. Said she, You may.

370
why

Why is the dastard Goat and frightfull Hare
 For Lions fierce presented in a snare?
 Not woods, but gardens are our interest,
 Sayes she: Our fields scarce see a savage beast.
 All ended thus. She vanish'd presently,
 And left an odour of her Deity.

That *Naso's* name may flourish with his measures,
 O strew his fanſie with thy flow'ry treasures!

- The third night after *Chiron* in his course
 380 Draws forth his Starres; half-man, and half a horse.
Aemonian Pelion to the South inclines,
 Whose sides with Oaks, whose head is clad with Pines.
 Here just old *Chiron* dwelt, as fame doth say:
 His caves old trunk remains still to this day.
 He did instruct in numbers Lyricall
 Those hands which after were great *Hector's* fall.
Alcides, with the most part of his toils
 Now well accomplish'd, thither comes the whiles.
 Here met by chance were those two fates of *Troy*;
 390 The great *Tirynthian*, and th' *Aemonian* Boy.
 Sage *Chiron* kindly welcomes him, and there
 Asks of his travels; which he doth declare.
 Mean while the Club and Lion's skin he view'd:
 How well, saith he, do arms and armour suit!
 Nor could *Achilles* hands the selves contain
 From feeling of the Lion's bristly train.
 The old man poising of the shafts, lets fall
 A poisned dart, and prick'd his foot withall.
 Forth doth he draw it with a monefull crie:
 400 *Alcides* and *Achilles* both reply.
 Yet he with herbs of those *Theſſalian* hills
 Apply'd in vain the raging fester stills.
 The poison overcomes his salve; and now
 O're all his joynts the venomes taint doth grow.
 The *Centaur*s with the *Hydra's* bloud impure
 Infected will admit nor ease nor cure.

Achil

Achilles drown'd in tears doth him deplore:
 The death of *Peleus* could have claim'd no more.
 Oft with his hand his fainting pulse he try'd:
 Oft kiss'd he him; and lying by him, cry'd,
Woe! nor leave thy pupill, my dear father!

410

What fruit of manners did the Teacher gather!
 The ninth day came. Just *Chiron* in twice seven
 bright Starres is fixed in the spangled heaven.

The wreathed *Harp* desires to follow him:
 Not yet: the third night is a fitter time.

The day before the Nones appear we may
 see the *Scorpion* shine in heaven half way.

Hence when thrice *Phosphor* shews his gilded face,
 and bright Starres have thrice to *Sol* giv'n place,
 The Night-*Lemaria* an old Rite is pay'd,
 and dirges to the silent Ghosts are said.

420

Th' old yeare was short: Unknown the *Februa* were;
 and double *Janus* did not guide the yeare.

Yet to the Dead their gifts they did discharge:

The pious Sonne his Fathers tomb did purge.

This was in *May* from *Majors* first deduc'd,
 in which are some of those old rites still us'd.

About midnight, when Sleep and Silence fill
 the drowsie brains, and dogs and birds are still;
 the rite-remembering, Ghost-abhorring Sunne
 rises gently, and no shoes puts on;

430

then points with his clos'd fingers and his thumb
 at in the midst, lest Ghosts should near him come.

then in spring-water he his hands doth cleanse;
 at first doth roll about his mouth blue beans:

then o're his shoulders throws them down: Sayes he,
These beans I throw my house and self to free.

five times 't is said. The Ghost doth trace his track;
 and picks them up, if that he looks not back.

440

again he washes; then a bason beats;

and so the Spirits to leave his house intreats.

K

Then

Then nine times crying, Kindred-Ghosts, be gone,
He looketh back, and all is purely done.

I am uncertain of th' Originall
Of this day's name : some God I now must call.
Cyllenius, teach me : Thou with powerfull Rod
Oft view'st the palace of the Stygian God.
Invok'd Caducifer applies. Sayes he,

450 The reason heare. And thus he tells it me :

When Romulus had paid the obsequie
To's Brother, haplesse in agilitie,
Poore Faustus, and Acca with torn hairs
Belave his burned bones in willing tears.

At evening home they come with hearts full sad
And cast themselves on their hard bed unmade.

The gory Ghost of Remus by their bed
Appears to them, and softly whispered,
Lo, I the half of all your labours kind !

460 Behold my change, from what to what declin'd !

Who, if the Birds had been my friends, within
My peoples walls the Captain might have bin.

Now is your Remus but a dram of air,

A fitting relique of the piles impair.

Ah ! where's my Father Mars, (if you said true)

By whose instinct a wild beasts teat we drew ?

A wolf did nurse, a Subject murder'd me :

How much more humane was the beast then he !

Thou cruel Celer, yield thy soul and aye,

470 And be a bloudy Ghost as well as I.

'T was not my Brothers mind ; his pious cares

Did what they could, discharge their due in tears.

Him by your tears intreat, and food you gave,

That he a day would sacre to my grave.

Thus spake he. They him to embrace assay

The slippery vapour flitters quite away.

Sleep from their eyes this vision off doth shake ;

In whose relation to the King they make,

him *Romulus* obey'd : and calls that day
Remuria : in the which these rites they pay.

480

By time the letter that begins the word
 is chang'd ; the sharp into a mild transferr'd.
 Hence dead mens Ghosts we *Lemures* do call :

This is the words direct originall.

Our Ancesto , barr'd up their Temples in
 These balefull *Mayes*, as now is to be seen.

All times for widows wedding, or for maid :

Those that have wedded have not long enjoy'd.

And for this cause (if Proverbs thou dost weigh)

The Proverb saies, 'T is ill to wed in May.

490

But these three feasts succeed not one another,
 But on the same dayes are all kept together.

Amid this time who seeks *Orion*, erres :

The cause of which Signe I will here rehearse.

Jove and his Brother Master of the Sea

On journey took with witty *Mercurie*.

It was even, and plowmen off their chains did knock,
 And full-fed ewes their frisking lambs did suck.

Perchance old *Hyreus* a Farmer poore

Spies them as he stood before his doore ;

500

On journey's farre, sayes he, and night at hand :

For gate for travellers doth open stand.

His words and looks consented : He doth pray

Again. Themselves calling, they obey.

In his house they enter with dull smoke besmear'd.

Upon a brand a spark of fire appear'd.

He, on his knees, the cole doth bigger blow :

Then layes the brands, and breaks small sticks in two :

And sets on two pipkins, one with beans, and one

With herbs. The scum the lids doth over-run.

510

With palse-hand, while meat was taken up,

He fills them wine. The Sea-God takes the cup,

And turns it off : *The Cup*, saies he, now bear

Jove. He quakes the name of *Jove* to heare.

Come to himself, for sacrifice he kill'd
 His Ox, the tiller of his little field:
 Then broach'd a hogshead of his special Sack,
 Which in his young dayes he himself did make.
 On fenny tufts a hempen cloth he spread,

520 And sets them down upon no stately bed.
 Now braves his boord with dainty cates and liquours,
 In earthen dishes, and in beech-tree-beakers.

Sayes *Jove*, *What-e're thou wilt request or can,*
Ask and receive. Replies the good old man,
I had a wife in my young dayes, and one
I dearly lov'd: but now she's dead and gone.
To her I promis'd, when by you I swore,
She was my onely wife; I'd wed no more.

My vow I'll keep: But in my mind doth run
 530 *A crosse desire, To have no wife, but Sonne.*
 All gave a grant, and to the ox-hide came,
 And o're it strain'd: To tell the rest were shame.
 Then bury'd it, all dropping, in the earth.
 At ten months end a little Boy comes forth.
 Him from his birth *Orion Hyreus* styl'd:
 Whose names first letter is a little soil'd.

He grew a hunter of a mighty fame,
 And *Delia's* Serjeant and her Guard became.
 Words rashly spoken do the Gods displease:

540 *No beast*, braves he, *but this arm can suppress.*
Earth sends a Scorpion, who doth whet his spite
 To rife *Delia* of her arrows light.

Orion rescues. Slain; *Diana* sayes,
Take thy desert, and him to heaven doth raise.

Why does *Orion*, with his fellows, force
 Their lights from heaven? & Night contract her count
 Why does white Day, by her bright Usher led,
 More soon then earst extoll her sparkling head?
 Did not arms rattle? yes sure; arms did rattle:

550 *Mars* comes, and coming sounds the signes of battle.

Book 5. or *Romane Calendar.*

117

The grand *Revenge* self descends his sport
 And Tow'r to see in *Augustus* ample Court.
 Great God ; great work : Even thus did it become
 God *Mars* to dwell in his Sonne's city *Rome*.
 Gigantick trophies best befit this wall :
 From hence his Squadrons *Mars* should march and call ;
 Be any Rebell in the utmost East
 Or by departing *Sol* to be suppress'd.
 The God approving that invictèd Powers
 Do hold his Temple, views the lofty Towers. 560
 He views i' th' Court arms of a sundry fashion,
 The whole worlds weapons wonne by his own nation.
 Next eyes *Æneas* with his load divine,
 And all those Nobles of the *Julian* line :
 Then *Romulus* with arms of *Acron* tam'd :
 With acts and statues of more Worthies fam'd.
 He views the walls grac'd with *Augustus* name ;
 Which makes it shew a work of greater fame.
 That Prince did vow it in his pious warre.
 Fit for a Prince such great beginnings are. 570
 Just as the fight began, with heav'd-up hands
 He vents these prayers against the Traitors bands ;
 If for my father *Vesta's Priest* I make
 These warres, and vengeance for both titles take,
 Come, *Mars*, and with their base bloud glut thy sword,
 And favour to the juster cause afford.
 Thy conquest thee shall *Uxor* style, and raise
 Thy temple. Having vow'd, his foes he slayes.
 Nor was this name deserved once alone :
 He gain'd our Ensignes which the *Parthians* wonne. 580
 That nation was with broad plains fens'd secure,
 With horses, streams, and arrows deadly sure.
 The *Crassus's* slaughter now had flesh'd them well,
 When Ensignes, Souldiers, Generalls all fell.
 Their Colours, glory of the warres, were lost :
 With *Romane* Eagles did the *Parthian* boast.

That shame had still remain'd, had not our land
Protected been by *Cæsars* valiant hand.

He took away that old disgrace and stain :

590 Our Flags redeem'd saluted *Rome* again.

What good, O *Parthian*, did thy back-shot-flight ?

Thy Countrey do thee ? or thy race-horse light ?

Thou yield'st our Eagles and thy conquer'd Bow :

Nor hast one badge of our dishonour now.

A Temple (as both vow and merit claim'd)

To *Mars* he rais'd, and him *Bis-ultror* nam'd.

Ye Peeres, solemnize on the *Circus* playes :

No Scene doth suit a warlike Powers praise.

Now see the sister-*Pleiades* whole train,

600 Just when two nights before the Ides remain.

Then enters Summer, surest Authours write :

The gentle Spring concludes his soft delight.

The night before the Ides the Bull doth rear

His sparkling brows : Of whom the story heare.

Once *Jove*, well horn'd and turned to a Bull,

Pack'd up the *Tyrian* Virgin by the gull.

Her right his mane, her gown her left hand held :

Pale fear her cheeks with other beauty fill'd.

The wanton air her coats doth swell, and move

610 Her golden hairs : Such looks best pleased *Jove*.

Her pretty feet she from the water saves,

And shuns the tacture of the leaping waves.

The subtile God his back doth often dive,

That to his neck she might the closer cleave.

Come to the shore, himself unhorn'd *Jove* shew'd,

And of an Ox his shape Divine indu'd.

There swells her womb, while heaven the Bull receive

And Earth's third part the name from her derives.

The *Pharian* Heifer some suppose this Signe :

620 Made Beast of Humane ; of a Beast, Divine.

Now from the timber-bridge the *Vestall* chaste

The rushe pictures of old men doth cast..

Who thinks old men of sixty years to be
 Thus drown'd, too much doth tax Antiquitie.
 Old fame reports that when *Saturnia*
 This land was call'd th' old Prophet thus did say,
Ye people, to the Sickle-God deliver
Two men, thrown down into the Tuscan river.
 This gift each yeare to that *Leucadian* power
 Was given, till *Hercules* pitch'd on this shore.
 He strawy Nobles o're the bridge threw down :
 From whose example pictures since were thrown.
 Some think young men, that so they might engrosse
 Their voice, craz'd Seniours o're the bridge did toss.
 Inform me, *Tyber*, thou art farre beyond
 Our city's age, and know'ft this custome's ground.
 His reedy brows out of his murmuring source
 Old *Tyber* rouz'd, and vents these accents hoarse ;
 ' This place of old a plain unwall'd and wide
 I knew : Few oxen graz'd on either side.
 ' Old *Tyber*, known of all the world and fear'd
 Now, in those dayes was scorn'd of every herd.
 ' Thou know'ft *Arcadian Evander's* name :
 He rowing in my chanel hither came.
 The next *Alcides* with his *Greeks* I saw ;
 Then call'd, as I remember, *Albula*.
 ' Th' *Arcadian* King him freely here embrac'd :
 And *Cacus* had his due desert at last.
 Away he travels with his *Spanish* spoil.
 As for his mates, they would no further toil.
 A great part of them in this land remains,
 And pitch'd their hopes and houses on these plains.
 Yet of their countrey they had oft a sense ;
 And divers dying left these testaments;
My body into Tyber throw, that so
My dust at length may to my countrey go.
 The Heir was much displeas'd at his command,
 And tombs his father in th' *Ausonian* land.

630

640

650

" A

" A rush-weav'd image into me is cast

660 " In stead of him, to float to Greece at last.

His dewy cave of vitall stone, this said,

He shrinks into : at which the River stay'd.

Brave Lad of *Atlas*, whom of *Joviall* seed
Fair *Maia* on th' *Arcadian* hills did breed ;

Thou wing-foot Arbiter between the Gods

Of heaven and hell, in friendship and at odds ;

Thou who delight'st to touch the Harp, and fense ;

And varnishest the tongue with Eloquence :

Old times thy Chapell near the *Circus* fram'd

670 In th' *Ides* : since when this day to thee is nam'd.

All Tradesmen that their wares now ope, thee crave

With incense fum'd, some gains in sale to save.

Mercurius Pool is near *Capena's* Port,

A spring divine : believe experience for't.

The coat-girt Chapman here his pitcher brings,

And water draws to purifie his things.

He dips a bay-bough : with the dabbled bay

His wares he sprinkles to be sold away.

Then with the bough he sprinkles his own hair,

680 And with his glozing tongue thus makes his prayer ;

Purge thou away my former perjuries,

My cheating words, and broken promises.

When by thy witnesse I untruths did prove,

Or falsly swore by ly-aborring Jove ;

What Power soever broker to my lie

I've made, now let them vanish all and die.

Wink thou at all my lie deceits to day :

Let not the Gods take notice what I say.

Afford me gains, and joy, that my desire

690 *Of gain is fed, and that I've gull'd the Buyer.*

These prayers make *Mercury* in heaven to smile,

Remembring his *Orygian* cheat yewhile.

But heare, quaint God, this better prayer of mine :

What time doth *Phoebeus* to the *Twins* combine ?

First when the dayes of this month equall'd be
In number to Alcides toils, saith he.

Relate, said I, the reason of this Signe.

The smooth-tongu'd God replies with voice divine,

Jove's Twins, the Champion and the Horse-courser,
Had stoll'n fair Phœbe and her Sister dear.

Idas and Lynceus, both by contract made
Leucippus sonnes, took arms their wives to aid.

Love causes their demand, and their deniall:

The self-same cause perswades both sides to triall.

Th' Oebalian Twins could eas'ly flie away:

But that was base, by flight to get the day.

There is an open plain, a champian fair

And fit for arms: There stood this faithfull pair.

Swift Castor's bosome bor'd with Lynceus blade,

He on the ground at unawares was laid.

Revenging Pollux comes, and with his pike

Quite through the throat doth Lynceus deadly strike.

At him flies Idas; whom Joves flames scarce quell'd:

They say his sword he in his hand still held.

Heavens ope for Pollux entertainement were:

He says he, O Father, my petition heare:

What thou me onely, do thou two enstall:

One moiety of thy boon is more then all.

Thus to his Brother he divides his charge:

Welcome couple to a vexed barge.

Who seeks *Agonia* must to *Janus* go:

Let this day hath it in this season too.

This night the *Erigonian* Dog doth shine:

I've given else-where the reason of this Signe.

Next day is *Vulcan's*, which is *Lustria* nam'd:

They lustrate Trumpets by the *Lemnian* fram'd.

Four figures read from this, and lo, in sight

The *Holy Customes*, or the *Tarquine's* flight.

O, *Publick Fortune* of our potent nation

This day beheld her Temples consecration.

700

710

720

730

When

When Spring-rich *Amphitrite* this light removes,
Behold the Bird which *Jove* so dearly loves.
The sequent morning doth *Bootes* hide.
Next day the *Hyads* vaunt their glittering pride.

The end of the fifth Book.

And
Ther
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chap

OVIDS FESTIVALLS;

OR,

ROMANE CALENDAR.

The sixth Book;

or,

JUNE.

The Argument.

THe severall reasons of this Month he gives.
 The Janal wand away Night Scrich-owls drives.
 Moneta's Chapell'd by Camillus vow:
 So is Bellona. Mind is honour'd too.
 The figure of Chast Vesta's house: her rites.
 Jove Pistor's Altar. Ino Matrones cites
 Unto her feast. St Fortune's Temple built
 By Servius. Tullia's Hell-surpassing guilt.
 Quinquatrian feasts. The grand Physician rais'd.
 The feast of Fortune. Philip's work is prais'd.

Or this Months name too divers reasons
 make:

II'll cite them all, that thou thy choice
 maist take

I sing a truth; though some elsewise may
 And hold no Gods of humane eyes are seen. (ween,

There is a God in us: in him we live:

His sacred spirits this heat and vigour give

Specially may see a heavenly sight,

Or in a Prophet's or this subject's right.

There is a tree-throng'd Grove, reserv'd from all

shape of a sound, unlesse some water-fall.

Upon

Upon this month I musing hither came,
 And much revolv'd th' originall and name :
 Lo ! Nymphs I saw : Not those that Farmer old
 Did meet in feeding his *Ascrean* fold :
 Nor those that shew'd themselves to *Priam's* Sonne
 In spring-fed *Ida* : Yet of them was one ;
 Even one of them, her Husbands Sister : Her
 I oft had seen i' th' Tower of *Jupiter*.

Amazed paleness did my spirit betray :

20 Forthwith the fear she caus'd she took away.

“ O thou that dost the *Romane* Yeare maintein,
 “ And sing'st, *saith she*, grand things on humble strain
 “ This priviledge of seeing Gods was thine
 “ When first thou undertook'st this task divine.
 “ But lest that thou i' th' vulgar error wade,
 “ Know thou that *June* his name from *Juno* had.
 “ *Joves* Wife and Sister ! 't is no modern grace
 “ To me : I know not which should take the place.
 “ I was old *Saturns* eldest child ; if birth

30 “ And pedigree you count of any worth.

“ My Fathers name once to this place was given :
 “ This land in his account was next to heaven.
 “ If wedlock's priz'd, I am the Thund'ers Bride:
 “ My Temple stands just by his Temples side,
 “ Could *May*, that strumpet, have a Months renown ?
 “ What ? and shall any dare deny me one ?
 “ Why do I then that *revall* title hold,

“ The *Queen of heaven* . . . wear a crown of Gold ?

“ Light makes the months ; and I am *Lucine* styl'd :

40 “ Shall I then be of my Months name beguil'd ?

“ I should repent that my true love and grace

“ I e're vouchsafed to the *Trojane* race.

“ Young *Ganimes*'s preferment and th' award

“ Of *Paris* judgement urg'd my anger hard.

“ I should be sory that I e're despis'd

“ My *Carthage*, where my Coach and arms are priz'd

“ O

Or that I ever put this land between
 My *Samos*, *Argos*, *Sparta*, or *Mycene*.
 Besides the *Sabines* and *Faliscanes*, who
 Did honour me, to *Rome* I did subdue.
 But I'm not griev'd: this is my darling land;
 And here my Temple with my *Joves* doth stand.
 My Sonne *Mars* said, Dear Mother take this town:
 It is my Sonne's: here shall be thy renown.
 His word's perform'd: My altars here are many;
 And my Months honour is as great as any.
 Nor doth *Rome* onely this most welcome fame
 On me conferre: the neighbours do the same.
 See but the Calendar of th' *Aricinians*,
 Or my *Laurentians*, or of my *Lavinians*:
 See *Tybur*; there this month is proved mine:
 And read but o're the rolls of *Prænestine*:
 This time they all give me: and yet they wanted
 My Sonne's foundation, who this city planted.
 Thus *Juno* ends. I turn'd: and *Herc'les* Bride
 With sorrows symptomes in her face I spi'd.
 Should my dear Mother bid me pack away
 From heaven, saith she, in heaven I would not stay.
 Nor do I now contend for this Month's honour:
 I rather beg it in submissive manner.
 Fain by intreaty would I keep my due:
 Perhaps my cause may favour find with you.
 My Mother hath her *Capitol* of gold;
 And, as is fit, her Tower with *Jove* doth hold.
 But all my glory is in this Months name:
 All I regard is but this piece of fame.
Rome need not grudge, with all her postern race,
 To give *Alcides* Wife this season's grace.
 More for my Husband's sake might she afford:
 With *Spanish* oxen he this kingdome stor'd.
 And *Cacus*, fens'd with flames of fire to strain
 By *Vulcan's* art, by his stout arm was slain.

“ But

" But I come nearer : *Romulus* your King
 " Into two parts his men distributing ;
 " The *Youth* for arms, for counſel were the *Aged* :
 " The Old to plot the warre, the Young to wage it.
 " This by two months he ſtabliſh'd : For this reaſon
 " *May* is the *Majors*, *June* the *Juniors* ſeaſon.

Thus and in more words did they plead and chide :
 90 Their eager anger did affection hide.

Then comes fair *Concord* deck'd with laurel-crown
 Whoſe fame and Fabrick is our Kings renown.
 Of *Romulus* and *Tatius* ſhe relates,
 And how to one they did unite two States.
 Both Sonne and Father made one common home :
 From their conjunction *June*, ſaith ſhe, doth come.

I've heard three cauſes : but excuſe me ye :
 'T is not for me to arbitrate this plea.
 I leave you even. *Troy* ru'd th' award of *Paris* :
 100 One cannot make ſo much as two will marre us.

The firſt day *Carna* Miſtreſſe of the Hinge
 Is worſhipp'd ; ſhe that ſhuts and opens things.
 Whence ſhe this office had, time doth obſcure
 The truth ; but yet our Muſe ſhall thee aſſure.
 Th' old grove *Helernus* near to *Tyber* lies :
 The high-Prieſt often there doth ſacrifice.
 This Nymph was bred there ; *Crane* call'd of yore :
 A many ſuiters, but in vain, did woo her.
 She kept in woods, and forreſt-games did ply,
 110 With nets, with races, and artillery.

She ware no quiver : yet ſhe ſtill was fam'd
 For *Phæbus* ſiſter : nor need he b' aſham'd.
 Some youthfull Spark that would not be deny'd
 Did court her cloſe : To whom ſhe thus reply'd,
 Theſe fields too open and immodeſt be :
 Walk to ſome private cave, I'll follow thee.
 He ſimply walks before : She ſteals behind
 A buſh ; He no-where could his ſweet-heart find.

r *Janus* spies, and deeply falls in love :
 His smooth intreaties her would little move. 120
 She, as she us'd, bids him walk to a cave ;
 And, as she follow'd, him the slip she gave.
 Fool ! 't is in vain ; for *Janus* sees thy scout :
 He sees behind him ; and will find thee out.
 He sayes the same : and as thou close wert laid,
 He clip'd thee close ; and, thee enjoying, said,
The power of Hinges lo we give to thee
in lieu of thy deflowr'd virginity.
 This said, a white-thorn-wand he her doth give,
 With which from houses she should Scrich-owls drive. 130
 These Owls are ravenous fowls ; not those that fed
 On *Phineus* meats, but of those monsters bred :
 Great heads ; glore eyes ; hook-beaks upon their jaws :
 Their feathers gray ; huge tallons on their claws.
 All night they ranging, often seize upon
 And spoil young Barns in cradles laid alone.
 Some say that infants bowels for their food
 They pierce and tear, and bath their beaks in bloud.
 Th' are call'd Scrich-owls ; because that in the night
 Their horrid Scriches mortall hearts affright. 140
 Whether they be true fowls, or else transform'd
 From chaunting old wives by their Dirges charm'd ;
 They came to *Proca's* chamber, where he lay
 But five dayes old, and seiz'd on him their prey ;
 In whose gor'd cheeks their ravening bills they bathed.
 The poore young child for help and succour blathed.
 The nurse affrighted runnes, and up doth cull
 Her child, and sees his face (O pitifull !)
 All torn with Scrich-owls claws : as tawny fear
 As leaves long-blasted by a winter-air. 150
 She comes to *Crane*, and her ail doth tell.
 Fear not, sayes she ; your nurpling shall do well.
 Come to the cratch ; the parents wept : Forbear
 Your tears, quoth she ; I'll cure him : there's no fear.
Forthwith

Forthwith in order thrice she dash'd the doore
 With wilding-bough; then marks the posts thrice more
 Then med'cin'd waters dash'd about, doth hold
 A sow-pigs hasslet of some two months old:
 Then charms; *'Tis Night-fowls, let this child alone,*
 160 *And take this little for a little one.*

Heart for a heart, and flesh for flesh receive:
This for a nobler life to you we give.

This offer'd thus and slic'd abroad she layes;
 And warns them all from looking back that wayes.
 Then at the chamber-window with her hand
 Takes in her sweet-heart *Janus* white-thorn-wand.
 The child is cur'd; his colour's fresh and clear:
 And never after came those Night-fowls there.

Why is a Barley-bean-cake, you will say,
 170 And lard of Pork now eaten on this day?
 This ancient Nymph loves best her ancient fare;
 And (plain) for farre-fetch'd dainties doth not care.
 Fish in those dayes about did safely play:
 On sands the Oyfter unrespected lay.
 Th' *Ionian* fowl, nor yet the *Pygme*'s foe
 On *Indian* hills, th' *Italian* coasts did know.
 The Peacock onely by his gaudy train
 Did please the eye. No beast in chase was slain.
 Pork was the meat; with Pork their feasts were fill'd:
 180 And Earth did onely Beans and Barley yield.
 These mix'd whoever eats upon this day,
 He'll be the hailer all the yeare, they say.

A Temple to *Moneta Juno* now
 Is rais'd on *Joves* hill by *Camillus* vow.
 There *Manlius* house once stood; who did remove
 The *Frenchmen's* troops from *Capitolian Jove*.
 O Heavens! how well might he have dy'd that hower,
 Defender of great *Joves* majestick Tower!
 He liv'd to dye *Aspirer to a throne*:
 190 Long life did bring him this aspersion.

This day besides, without *Capena* gate
They feast to *Mars* above his walks of state.

This day too, *Tempest*, was thy Temple hallow'd;
When *Corfick* waves our fleet had almost swallow'd.

You see these humane monuments : Divine
If thou dost seek ; *Joves* Bird at full doth shine.

Next day the *Hyads* from the East doth call
On *Taurus* horns ; and dabbling showr's now fall.

Twice more when *Phæbus* hath begot the Morn,
And twice *Aurora*'s tears bepearl the corn,
Bellona's Chapell, who alwayes our state
Did love, in *Tuscane* warres was consecrate.

'T was *Appius* work; who, though his eyes were blind,
'Gainst *Pyrrhus* truce quick-lighted was in mind.
Behind the *Circus* lies a little Court,
Where stands a Pillar small of great report :
From hence a dart, warres harbinger, they fling,
Wh arms were levy'd 'gainst a forrein King.

The *Circus* next part *Hercules* Protector
Defends, of which the *Sibyll* was directour.
'T was given one day before the Nones : and read
The Title, *Sylla* did approve the deed.

I mus'd to whom the Nones I should referre ;
To *Sanctus*, *Fidius*, or *Semipater* :
Said *Sanctus*, Name thou whom thou wilt, St Poet,
All three are mine : the Cures did allow it.
A chapell to this Saint-God in old dayes
The Cures on *Quirinus* hill did raise.

I have a daughter all my joy life gives :
Heavens grant that she her fathers date survives !
Her I was now to match, and for that reason
Enquir'd a lucky and unlucky season.

Joves *Flamens* wife thus much me certifi'd ;
The *Ides* of June for Bridegroom and for Bride
Are alwayes lucky : But his first dayes be
Unfortunate to Hymen : for, saith she,

Till gilded Tyber all the soyl and trash
Of Vesta's temple into sea doth wash,

- "T is not allow'd to me my nails to pare,
230 To wear my dresses, or to kemb my hair,
Nor touch my husband, though Joves Priest he be,
And in a knot perpetuall ty'd to me.
Make thou no hast: 't is better marrying then,
When Vesta's fiery globe is purg'd and clean.

The third day next the Nones the Northern Bear
Descends, and nothing at her back doth fear.

- Then (I remember) I have often seen
Swift Tybers games in Mars his flowery green.
This is the Fishermens feast-day, who tangle
240 Fish in their nets, with those who use the angle.

Mind is Divine, and had her Chapell rais'd
When in dread arms the perjur'd *Pæni* blaz'd.
Rebellious *Pæni*, that our Consul kill'd,
And all our state with *Moorish* terrors fill'd.
Fear cancell'd Hope. Our Senate then to *Mind*
Did make a vow, and she did them befriend.
The day in which these vows discharged were
Is just six dayes before the Ides appear.

- Help, *Vesta*; thee our Muse officious sings:
250 May we presume so near thy sacred things.
Devout in pray'r, I felt a Pow'r Divine:
The walls refresh'd in blushing beams did shine.
Nought did I see (to balk Poetick lies :)
She is invisible to humane eyes.
But I was taught those things wherein I erred,
When no Instructour to my eyes appeared.
When forty years from *Romes* foundation past,
Then *Vesta* in a Temple here was plac'd
By that meek King. The *Sabines* sure did merit
260 In breeding up that most religious spirit.
That fabrick which now wears a golden aw
Was then with osiers weav'd and thatch'd with straw.

That

That place where stood at first her narrow wall,
 Before she came was *Numa's* stately Hall.
 And yet (they say) that form which was of old
 Doth still remain : whose reason shall be told.
 This *Vesta* is the *Earth* : she hath her hearth,
 As *Earth* her heat. Her Globe's the type of *Earth*.
Earth, as a weight, in figure like a Ball,
 By nothing propp'd, hangs in the midst of all.

270

No corners in the Orb at all there be ;
 'T is evenly poiz'd by its rotunditie.
 For being directly in the Centre ty'd,
 Not bending more or lesse to any side ;
 Were it not round, it would not balance even
 And in the midst, but some parts nearer heaven.

So in her concave by Geometrie
 There hangs a Globe, the worlds Epitome :
 The Figure's perfect circular devis'd,
 That equi-distant from all sides 't is pois'd.
 Like-form'd her Temple is ; on no side plain :
 The round-arch'd roof keeps off all show'rs of rain.
 If you enquire why Nuns with purest hand
 Her Altars tend ; the reason understand.
 Queen *Ops*, by *Saturn*, *Juno* forth did bring,
 And *Ceres* next : but *Vesta* last did spring.
 The two first wedded, and their issues bred :
 The last resolv'd to keep her maidenhead.
 No wonder then if that a Maid desires
 Her maidens chaste to tend her maiden-fires.
 Nor think thou *Vesta* any thing indeed
 But lasting *Fire*, which doth conceive no seed.
 Well ween'd a Maid, who neither takes nor gives
 Seeds of conception, but with Virgins lives.
 I simply thought a Picture her had feign'd :
 Forthwith I learn'd that none to her pertain'd.

280

290

- Her Temple onely keeps perpetuall flame :
 No shape of Fire nor *Vesta* can we frame.
 As *Earth*, so *Vesta*, from *Vi-stando* named,
 300 Stands of her self. Like name the *Greeks* have framed,
 And *Focus* doth from Flames and *Fotus* come ;
 Which was of old plac'd in the outward room.
 Hence sure *Vestibulum*, where men make prayers,
 Was drawn : for there stood *Vesta's* chief affairs.
 Of old they us'd to sit on benches near
 Her Altars, thinking that the Gods were there,
 And when at old *Vacuna's* feasts they meet,
 Before her hearth they either stand or sit.
 A custome's come, scarce known from what example,
 310 To send pure messes unto *Vesta's* temple.
 Behold an Asse with barley-loaves is bound,
 And rugged quern-stones are with fresh flow'rscrown'd.
 Old Farmers onely barley-meal did bake,
 Whence Lady *Fornax* Sacreds they did make.
 Beneath the embers they did bake their bread
 Upon their hearths, with tiles close-covered.
 Thence Bakers, and the Asse that turns the mill,
 Observe their hearths and their hearth-Mistresse still.
 Sunne-burn'd *Sr Priap*, may I tell of thee
 320 A merry jest ? thy good old knaverie ?
 The tow'r-crown'd Lady *Cybele* invites
 Th' immortall Gods unto her feasts delights.
 Sh' invites the *Satyres* and each Countrey-Dame :
Silenus thither uninvited came.
 It were not fit to tell those feasts divine,
 Nor brief. Night's spent almost in chear and wine.
 O're *Ida's* vales at randome some do trace ;
 Some lay them down and rest them on the grasse :
 Some sport; some snort; some arm in arm a Round
 330 Do make, and nimble trip it on the ground.
 Upon a green turf *Vesta* layes her head,
 And with sweet sleep her weary members fed.

But tawny *Priap* up and down there traces,
 And peers on all the Goddes and Lasses.
 There spies he *Vesta*, yet he knew not well
 Who it should be: he vows he could not tell.
 In lustfull hope he steals unto her close:
 The Lecher's heart pants as he creeps on's toes.
 Old bald *Silenus* there perchance his asse
 Had left hard by a small brooks side at grasse.
 And now he was about his villany,
 Just when the asse doth bray unseasonably.
 She frighted at the noise starts up, and cries:
 The Nymphs run to her: but away he flies.
 The *Lampacanes* to him the Asse do kill:
 This tell-tale's guts are fitly broiled still.
 But *Vesta* with bread-bracelets him arrayes,
 His Quern stands still, and he keeps Holy-dayes.

340

Jove *Pistor*'s altar here must I relate
 In his high tower, more fam'd for name then state.
 The cruell *Gauls* *Romes* *Capitol* beset,
 Whose lasting siege had caus'd a famine great.
Jove calls the Gods before his royall throne:
 By whose appointment *Mars* first makes his mone;
 And is our sad calamity still hid?

350

Is this souls wound now to be uttered?
 Yet if I must speak out our shamefull wo,
 In brief, *Rome*'s thrall'd by the Alpine foe.
Jove, this is she whose power should once extend
 Beyond all limits, and the world transcend.
 Her hopes in progresse were; she had controll'd
 Her neighbours: now her walls she cannot hold.
 Her purple Fathers, old Triumphers, I
 Saw in their brazen courts drop down and die.
 I saw *Queen* *Vesta* from her temple flee.
 What? do they think that any Gods there be?
 But should they know that You possesse those Towers
 And Fanes girt in by their presumptuous powers,

360

- would they not say, No hopes for them remain*
 370 *In all their Gods : their incense is in vain ?*
Give them but room enough to pitch the field ;
And, if they cannot conquer, let them yield.
But now they poorely die : base dearth them galls,
while stern Barbarians overcrop their walls.
Then Venus and Quirinus in his gown,
And Vesta pleaded stiffly for their Town.
Great Jove replies, Our care in generall
Is for that place. The Gaul shall pay for all.
Thou onely, Vesta, help thy people poore ;
 380 *And make the foe believe th' abound in store.*
That corn they have let them but grind, and knead
The liquor'd meal, and bake it into bread.
To Joves prescription Vesta gave consent.
'T was midnight now, and all the Captains, spent
With care and travel, to their rest were laid :
Jove chides, and tells them an ambiguous aid ;
Arise, sayes he, and throw down to your foe
That help which you are all most loth to do.
They rous'd, and mus'd on this dark myserie,
 390 *What help that most dislik'd them that should be.*
At last their corn it seem'd : Which down they threw ;
The rattling loaves 'mong shields and helmets flew.
The foe quite out of hopes, their siege remove :
For this an Altar 's rais'd to Pistor Jove.
On Vesta's feast once walking where the street
Now call'd the New the Romane Court doth meet,
I met a matrone walking down the hill
With feet all bare : I wonder'd, and stood still.
She, near to me, perceiv'd my mind, and caus'd
Me to sit down : then spake with voice half-craz'd,
 400 *And palfie-head ; Here where these buildings stand,*
The River-flouds with dikes o'reflow'd the land.
That lake call'd Curtius, which is sure ground now,
And bears dry altars, was a moorish flow.

Book 6. or Romane Calendar.

13

Tall canes and fallows grew, where now a Tent
Doth solemn pomp before the Cirk present.
Those suburb-streams oft brought boon Rev'lers vaunting
Their liquid mirth, and joviall catches chaunting.
That God that quaintly turns to any form
Was not yet tit'led from his turned arm.

410

And here a grove with reeds and rushes was,
And moores, where none but with bare legs could passe.
Those moores were dren'd and to their banks confin'd:
But still this custome to this place is joyn'd.
She ended. Farewell, good old soul, said I:
Maist thou spend all thy old dayes merrily.

Some other things in youth I learn'd long since,
Which must not be pais'd by in negligence.

Dardanian *Ilus* richly stor'd in all
The Asian wealth, had newly rais'd his wall.

420

Lo, arm'd *Minerva's* statue falling down
From heaven was seen, and pitch'd on *Ilium*-town.
I went and view'd her shrine and temple well,
Poore reliques there: Her self at *Rome* doth dwell.

They went to *Smintheus* in his grove obscure,
Who did return this answer true and sure;
Keep this Palladium, and you keep your wall:
Wheres'e're she goes she carries state and all.

King *Ilus* clos'd her in a Tower. This care
The next to him *Laomedon* did heir.

430

King *Priam* kept her little: 'T was thy will,
Great Queen, since *Paris* dealt by thee so ill.
Now whether good *Aneas* gain'd her than,
Or *Diomede*, or that slie *Ithacan*,

Who-ever wonne her, she is now *Romes* prize,
In *Vesta's* guard, who all things alwayes eyes.
Oh, in what plight was *Rome* when *Vesta* burn'd,
And all her house was almost overturn'd!

Pure fires and vulgar lights confus'd did raise,
And flames prophane with flames divine did blaze.

440

L 4

Her

Her Nuus and Servants all in scatter'd hair
 Wept sorely, robb'd of strength and heart by fear.
Metellus flies among them: *Help*, cries he;
O help! and quickly! Tears no ayd can be.
Run, quickly, fetch those fatall things away:
Your hands not sighs must do the deed, I say.
O heavens! d' ye stand? Them in a stam he sees,
 And in amazement fall'n upon their knees.
 Fair water dash'd, with heav'd hands; Gods, *O scan*
 450 *My venture well, though not allow'd a man!*
Be it a crime; let vengeance fall on me:
And by my life and bloud let Rome be free.
 Thus breaks he in. The Pow'rs preserved by
 This dutious act, approv'd their *Pontific*.
 Now happily in *Cæsars* name this day
 Her fires shine pure, and so shall do for ay.
 No Nun her sacred Chastity shall stain,
 Nor be alive interred in his reigne.
 So dyes th' incestuous, clos'd in th' *Earth*, which she
 460 Hath wrong'd: for one the *Earth* and *Vesta* be.
 Then *Brutus* sword embrew'd the sands of *Spain*,
 And gain'd his title from *Calecians* slain.
 But yet sometimes sad haps the glad annoy:
 Poore mortalls seldome pure delights enjoy
 His Sonne and Eagles *Crassus* lost beside
Euphrates banks, and last himself too dy'd.
why vaunt'st thou, Parthian? *Vesta* said: *thou shalt*
Return our signes, and rue for Crassus fall.
 But when the Affes gait is gone,
 470 And he in 's corn-task walks about the stone:
 That day deceas'd, the Pilote on the poop
 At night doth shew the *Dolphine's* twinkling troop.
 Now *Lucifer* sets ope the Eastern gate,
 And *Tithone* mourns to leave his youthfull mate.
 Good wives, to your *Matralian* feasts; away;
 And to the *Thebane* Queen your white gifts pay.

A stately Court surnamed from the *Neat*
 Joyns to the wooden bridge and *Circus* great.
 Upon this day (they say) King *Servius* gave
 A Temple sacred to *Matuta* grave.

480

What Goddesse she is, why no maids sh' admits
 Into her chapell, and bak'd wafers eats,
 Grow-ivy'd *Bacchus*, guide my sail; if she,
 Whose rites I sing, be of thy familie.
 And *Semele* in *Joves* embraces boyl'd,
 And *Ino* takes and nurses up her child.
 Swell'd *Juno* swell'd, that she, the Strumpet gone,
 Should nurse her brat; yet 't was her sisters sonne.
 Straight *Athamas* runs mad, and piece-meal tears
Learchus, who a Lions whelp appears.

490

Poor *Ino* buries her *Learchus* torn,
 And payes all duties to his dolefull urn.
 She runs with mourning locks about her ears,
 And *Melicerta* from his cradle tears.

There is a narrow neck of land divides
 Two seas, and curbs the billows on both sides.
 Either, with *Sonne* in frantick arms, comes she,
 And from a rock rush'd headlong into sea.

Gymph *Panope* with all her sister-train
 Her gently laid, and bare her through the main.
 Both came to *Tyburns* wallowing mouth, ere he
Almon was, or she *Leucothoe*.

500

There is a grove 't was *Bacchus* Priests, ('t is fam'd)
Semele or *Stimele* 't is nam'd:

Here *Ino* learn'd th' *Arcadians* till the land,
 And King *Evander* did the realm command.

At *Juno*, coming in an old wives dresse,
 With subtile words provokes the *Bacchides*;
 Simple founts! O senselesse folk and blind!

Ye take this vagrant buzzie for your friend?

510

She comes to circumvent and pry into you:

Beware 't: she's hir'd some mischief for to do you.

Scarce

- Scarce had she done ; the *Thyads* all, their hair
 About their backs, with howlings fill the air.
 On *Ino* ruth they : and would kill her sonne.
 The yet-not-'quainted Gods she calls upon :
Help Gods, or Men ; a dolefull mother aid.
 A noise to *Aventine* this out-cry made.
 Perchance *Alcides*, with his *Spanish* beasts
 520 Not farre off, heard, and to the noise doth presse.
 At sight of whom those that began the fray
 Began the flight, and frightfull ran away.
 He knew her well. *What, Bacchus Aunt, said he,*
What mak'st thou here ? art thou like-vex'd with me ?
 Part tells she : part the presence of her sonne
 With-held. She's sham'd for those mad tricks were done
 Swift-pinion'd Fame upon her wings is rais'd,
 And *Ino's* name about the countrey blaz'd.
 Anon to kind *Carmentis* peacefull seat
 530 She came : where first she was refresh'd with meat.
 The Holy woman made a fire in hast,
 And bak'd a bisket for her quick repast.
 Hence in her *Matrals* bake they biskets dry :
 No art pleas'd her like that tight houswifry.
Now shew my fate, said she, O Queen divine :
And adde this favour to the rest of thine.
 Forthwith the Queen with heavenly vigour fill'd,
 By force of sacred inspiration swell'd.
 Scarce could a quick eye know her at first view,
 540 So much more large and more divine she grew.
 Good news, cries she : Joy, *Ino*, joy : thy labour
 Is ended all. Our kingdome begs thy favour.
 Thou and thy sonne two Sea-Gods now shall make,
 And on our streams another name shall take.
 Greece thee shall call *Leucothoe*, in our land
 550 Matuta nam'd. Thy sonne shall Ports command,
 By us *Portunus*, but *Palæmon* styl'd
 In his own tongue. O let us find you mild !

uth tries her words : Both laid aside their name,
 d travels: both Sea-Deities became.
 You ask why she admits no maids. 'T is hate;
 hose reason (by her leave) I will relate.
 se *Athamas* her husband secretly
 d love her maid, and oft adultery
 th her committed. And from her he found
 s wife had scorch'd the seeds within the ground.
 ough she deny'd it, fame divulg'd it true.
 r this cause she doth maid-servants eschew.
 t doth no good-wife for her own child pray :
 r self no happy mother was they say.
 others child may better be commended :
 e *Bacchus* better then her own befriended.
 e told *Rutilius* that upon her day
 e *Marisian* foe should him the *Consul* slay.
 ' event approves her words a truth : The flood
 t *Thelon* swell'd in purple streams of blood.
 n that same day the next yeare *Didius* slain
 e hostile Tropheys did augment again.
 Thine, *Fortune*, is this day, this place, this Founder :
 t who 's that statue wrapt up in a gown there !
 is *Servius* sure. But why he 's wrapt about,
 y self and divers make a severall doubt.
 een *Fortune* deeply taken with this King,
 he us'd her eyes it seem'd in this one thing)
 as now asham'd of her adultery,
 at she a Goddesse with a Man should lye.
 ight to him she through a window came :
 om whence an Entry we *Fenestra* name.
 ow she repents, and in a mantle veils
 s regall person so belov'd yerwhiles.
 me give this cause : The common-wealth was all
 onfus'd in grief for good King *Tullus* fall.
 heir tears were boundlesse : which his pictures fight
 d still augment, till they had cover'd it.

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- I must more amply this last reason sing :
 But we will keep our steeds within the ring.
 577 Young *Tullia*, marry'd in the base reward
 Of wickednesse, thus urg'd her husband hard ;
 To what end joyn'd we in our kindreds murder ?
 590 To live like innocents in this good order ?
 My Husband and thy wife might still have liv'd
 Were there no further act to be atchiev'd.
 My Fathers Crown and head are both thy dower :
 If th' art a man, claim that indebted power.
 Crimes are for Kings : Cut off my Father ; take
 607 His crown : His blood these hands shall ruddy make.
 Thus egg'd by her he seizes privately
 The Throne. To arms th' amazed Commons flie,
 Now blood and slaughter rule : Weak age is faine
 600 To yield ; and *Tarquines* violence doth reigne.
 Beneath *Esquiliae*, where his palace stood,
 Was *Servius* slain, and wallow'd in his blood.
 She in a coach t' her Fathers Court doth ride
 In publick, puff'd with cruelty and pride.
 The coach-man seeing his dead carkasse, holds
 617 Therein with tears : At whom she raves and scolds
 Drive, or I 'll pay you for your foolish zeal :
 Run o're, I say, his carkasse with the wheel.
 This is most true: That street from this hath got
 610 The title *wicked* : an eternall blot.
 Yet she her Fathers monument did dare
 To enter. Truths, though wondrous, I declare.
 Sage *Tullus* statue on a throne was fram'd .
 He clapp'd his hands before his eyes ('t is fam'd.)
 A voice was heard, O hide our eyes, lest we
 637 Our wicked daughters odious face should see.
 He 's mantled. Fortune in her Temple spake,
 Forbidding them this mantle off to take ;
 When *Servius* garment off his head is taken,
 620 That day will shew the shame of him forsaken.

hear, good Wives, to touch his vestiment :
 nothing but your solemn prayers be sent.
 him be ever clad in Romane gown,
 was the sixth King in the Romane town.
 This Temple fir'd, the flames would not comē near
 seat. Sure *Vulcane* did his Sonne forbear.
 he from *Vulcane* issued and from
 the fair *Ocrisia* of *Corniculum*.
 from *Tanaquil* bade poure the wine upon
 the gaudy fires, when sacrifice was done.
 did the hearth a mans yard forth did spring
 new, or rather 't was a reall thing.
 in this *Ocrisia* coupled : from which decd
 of *Tullus* issu'd of coelestiall seed.
 Father gave a signe he was his sonne,
 on his head a blazing light did run.
 This same day *Livia* did to *Concord* raise
 aately Temple for her *Halcyon*-dayes.
 where yerwhile stood that huge Palace, know
 postern times, there *Livia*'s porch stands now.
 house was like a City, and alone
 stein'd as much as many a walled town.
 too much luxury this was pull'd down,
 for the Founder's aiming at the Crown.
 their *Octavius* those vast ruines there
 losse of all that cost and charge did bear.
 Precepts relish when exemplif'd ;
 Teachers words still by their works are try'd.
 two following dayes are blank. To *Jove* Invited
 the Ides a chapell was addicted.
 now I the lesse *Quinquatrian* feasts must sing.
 O fair *Minerva*, in this thing.
 do the Waits walk all about the town ?
 do they mask disguis'd ? what means the Gown ?
 med *Pallas* thus reply'd to me,
 could I could sing 't as learnedly as she !)

630

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650

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Great

- Great was the use of Waits in times of eld,
 And alwayes in great estimation held.
 Feasts, Altars, mournfull Funeralls, and Playes
 660 The usefull Waits accompany'd alwayes.
 Gain sweeten'd that fair Art: But afterward
 Their liberties and gains were all debarr'd.
 Yea, th' Ædiles they but ten of them in all
 Allow'd to play at every Funerall.
 They left the city, and in exile went
 To Tybur. Tybur then was banishment.
 At Feasts, Scenes, Altars, are the Waits requir'd:
 Their mournfull Ditties Funeralls desir'd.
 At Tybur liv'd a Libertine, in 's Art
 670 A long time free, and one of great desert.
 He makes a feast, and there this troupe invites.
 All come unto his festivall delights.
 Night came: their brains and senses swim in wine:
 A message with a forged tale comes in;
 Quick, quick, I say: dismisse this companie:
 Behold your Patrone is at hand, cries he.
 Away all staggering hastily do pack:
 Their legs unruly large Indentures make.
 Away, the Master cry'd: and as they slack'd,
 680 Into a matted wagon all he pack'd.
 Time, wine and Motion sleep provok'd. They thought,
 All fox'd, the cart had them to Tybur brought.
 Through Esquiline the wagon now doth come,
 And stood i' th' morning in the Court of Rome.
 The States, to gull them both in shew and number,
 Command to mask them in their drunken slumber:
 And mingled more among them; and t' augment
 The crue, the Minstrels in their long gowns went.
 This was contriv'd lest that the rest should see
 690 They were return'd against their own decree.
 All pleas'd; th' are licenc'd in the Ides to go
 In these new masks, and chaunt their Catches too.

ceasing ; Thus I fain would learn, said I,
 why this thy day is called *Quinquatrie*.
 March hath my feasts too of this name, said she :
 'twas my invention rais'd this *Companie*.
 first the Pipe of bored Box did frame
 with certain holes, and plaid upon the same.
 sweet were the notes ; But whenas I beheld
 thy face i' th' spring, I spi'd my cheeks all swell'd.
 prize thee not so high, my Pipe, said I :
 farewell. and cast it on a bank thereby.

700

Satyre finds it : But, the use unsound,
 admires. At last he blows, and hears a sound.
 Now could his warbling fingers play their part,
 and make the Nymphs admire his vaunted art.
 he challeng'd *Phœbus* : *Phœbus* got the day :
 who hung him up, and took his skin away.
 yet I'm th' inventresse of this Pipe : Therefore
 his Company, these dayes, do me adore.

710

The third day after in her twinkling pride
 hyene fair on *Taurus* brows doth ride.

This day doth *Tyber* our *Etruscane* river
Vesta's sweepings into sea deliver.

May Winds be trusted, Mariners, hoise sails
 to *Zephyr's* point : you shall have happy gales.

When *Phaethon's* Father in the waves profound
 both soufe his beams, and both the Poles surround,
 for two there be : This in the South we find,
 that in the North : both nam'd from either wind.)

old *Hyreus* Sonne his sturdy arms doth rear ;
 and that same night the *Dolphine* doth appear :

720

whose starres the *Volsci* and the *Equi* saw
 erwhile expell'd the plains of *Algida*.

for which, brave Conquerour, thou, though first deny'd,
 a suburb-Triumph on white steeds didst ride.

A dozen dayes our month hath still in store ;
 yet to the dozen thou must adde one more :

Sol

Sol leaves the *Twins*, and takes up *Cancer's* Signe;
And *Pallas* is ador'd on *Aventine*.

Now *Tithone's* Bride the Eastern Court doth view
730 Dull Night's disperſed and the meadow-dew :
A Chapell to *Summanus* they did rear
(Who-e're he be) when *Rome* did *Pyrrhus* fear.

Now when the Ocean ſwallows up this Light,
And Earth is ſhrouded in the wings of Night,
The grand *Physician* ſtelliſ'd awakes,
And in his hand brings forth his twiſted Snakes.
Vile *Phædra's* luſt and *Theſeus* wrong all know :
740 He raſhly unto death his ſonne did vow.
The frighted horſes run, and, ſcorning aw,
Their dolefull Lord o're rocks and mountains draw.
Down falls *Hippolytus* thrown from his wain,
Torn all in pieces with his ſnarled rain.
Diſpleas'd *Diana* much his death lamented :
Said *Æſculapius*, Be not diſcontented.

I'll make him ſound and hail in every part :
I'll force the Fates to yield to my grand art.
He draws his med'cines from his ivory-caſe,
750 Whoſe pow'r on *Glaucus* yeſt experienc'd was ;
When he obſerved with what virtuous weed
The cunning Snake reviv'd his fellow dead.
This he applies, and wholeſome charms he ſayes :
Hippolytus his groveling head doth raiſe.
Diana hides him in the miſt of all
Grove *Aricine*, and him doth *Virbius* call.
The balefull Siſters much repin'd, and grudged
To have their hands held, and their pow'r abridged.
Jove, fearing hurt by this preſumptuous Art,
760 Slew *Æſculapius* with a thunder-dart.
Phæbus, be pleas'd: Thy Sonne a God is made :
Jove for thy ſake hath done what he forbade.

I wiſh not, *Cæſar*, though thy conqueſts call,
If Signes forbid, to ſtirre a flag at all.

et but *Flaminius* speak and *Thrasymene*,
 what strange notes the Gods intents were seen.
 how e'r the day of that rash losse enquires;
 is eight dayes before the month expires.
 Next day is happier in proud *Syphax* fall
Masniſſa, and slain *Hasdrubal*.
 Time flies away: incroching Age creeps on :
 the houres and dayes in restlesse paces run.
 how soon do *Happy Fortune's* Feasts return!
 how but sev'n dayes the end of *June* adjourn.
 to *Tyber's* banks, ye Lords, your offerings bring
 to this kind Saint there honour'd by a King.
 some go on foot, in nimble cock-boats some;
 and take a pride to come well-tipp'd home.
 crowned barge let joviall youngsters laugh
 and feast, and freely in their full bowls quaff.
 the Common people and Maid-servants, they
 give this inconstant Queen; because (they say)
 the founder *Tullus*, who was made a King
 from servile Maid, of vulgar stock did spring.
 now in troupes scarce sober home they walk:
 when some starre-peeper with the Starres doth talk;
 your belt, *S^r Orion*, now you will not shew it;
 yet to morrow, but e'r long we'll view it.
 were his brains not pickled, he would say
 the Summer *Solstice* is upon that day;
 Next day a Chapell household-Gods receive,
 near where the Garland-weavers now do live.
 the same day is *Jove-Stator's* feast divine,
 whose house *Quirinus* rais'd near *Palatine*.
 The *Parcae's* number and our dayes are ev'n;
 Temple to *Quirinus* now was giv'n.
 To morrow *Julius* native *Calends* come:
 the Muses, to our work now adde the summe!
 late whose act you to his Temple brought,
 whose hands invicted *Juno's* spite outwrought.

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800

Clio replies, Brave Philip's work you see,
 From whence chaste *Martia* draws her pedigree.
 Sweet *Martia* sprung from *Ancus* so divine,
 In whom Nobility and Beauty joyn.

Her Nature, Feature, Mind, and Bloud so high
 Make up an admirable harmonie.

Nor blame us here that we her beauty praise:
 For this the fame of Goddesses we raise.

Yerst *Cæsar's* Aunt he in his Hymens led :

810 O Grace, most worthy of that sacred bed!

The learned nine applaud what *Clio* sang:

Alcides nodded : and the Harp cry'd twang.

F I N I S.



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